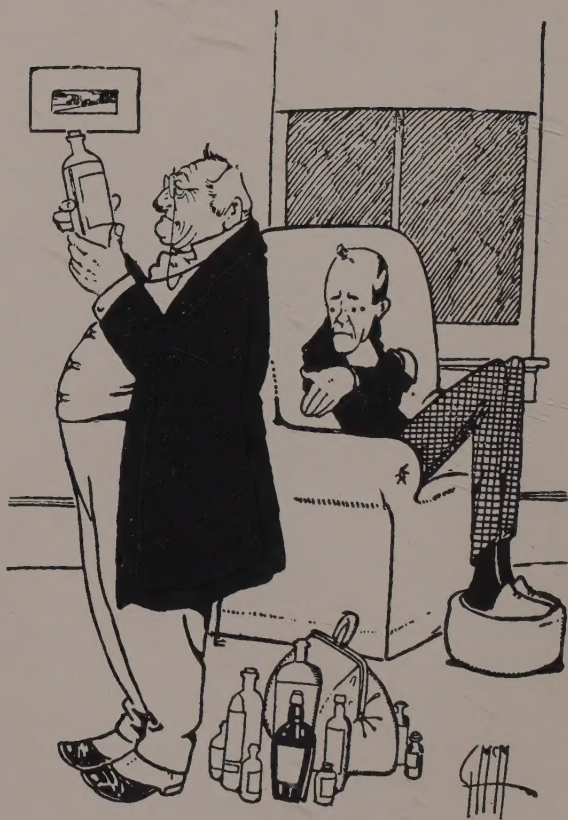


BEING DONE GOOD



Edward B. Lent



First you have the "Old School" Alopeth.

BEING DONE GOOD

Comments on the Advance Made by
Medical Science during the past 5,500
Years in the Treatment of Rheumatism

By

EDWARD B. LENT

WITH A FOREWORD BY
CHARLES M. SKINNER



SECOND EDITION

1904

THE BROOKLYN EAGLE PRESS
BROOKLYN-NEW YORK

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TO MY FRIENDS,
THE TRUSTWORTHY DOCTORS
WHO DO NOT CLAIM
INFINITE WISDOM

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A WORD FROM A FRIEND

A WORD FROM A FRIEND.

MR. LENT has written a book which is unique. Illness has been a part of the human lot ever since there was a human lot to have it. But the man who can make light of the darkest and heaviest subject is all kinds of a philosopher and one kind of a genius. The charm of this book, then, is not merely in its fun, which is of a sly, satiric, yet not unkindly sort, nor in its wildly variegated experiences, but in its disclosure of personality. Here is a veritable Mark Tapley, making light of his ailments and seeing only their humorous side. His records and reflections form the oddest and most engaging book ever inspired by medicine. It is as antiseptic as the sunshine, and the doctors ought to prescribe it for patients who have fallen into the habit of being ill

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when they are ill—a habit which Mrs. Eddy will by no means countenance. The author of “*Being Done Good*” has it, the worst way; he can barely hobble about his house with a cane; he should eat with misgiving, drink with doubt, think with a creak, and view with alarm; yet no Summer morning is more serene. If anybody is to think about his joints and his circulation, let it be his doctor: that is what he is hired for. By throwing all the onus upon that functionary the author is free to give his mind to morals and history.

An axiom in one of my school readers set forth that not even a philosopher can endure the toothache patiently, yet here is a patient with a toothache in every limb, and he does not appear to mind it. I don’t understand how it is done, for half the pleasure of an illness is in settling down to a heartily disapproving outlook upon man,

A Word From a Friend

medicine and the universe. An illness of that sort does a world of good, because it enables the patient to concentrate into a single experience the bile and pessimism that he is tempted to carry with him through the work-a-day world; hence, it clears his mind and his morals for years to come, just as small-pox and boils are said to be good for you, after you are quite done with them. But Mr. Lent never lapses. Indeed, his continence and the persistence of his cheer under the most difficult of circumstances occasion some alarm lest, after thirty or forty years of rheumatism and the ensampling of a dozen more schools of medicine, he suddenly break out into expressions the more severe because of their long restraint. I hope he is resigned to the prospect of being done, good, for a few seasons to come.

Some years ago, when he and I were

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scribbling at adjacent desks in a newspaper office, Mr. Lent knew how to frown and even to express adverse sentiments. That knowledge he has lost with that considerable portion of his health which is affected by rheumatism. You know the saying: Tread the grape and you have wine; crush the leaf and it exhales perfume. Here is an example which is too obvious to discover for others. The best instances of cheer are not afforded by those who achieve no more than a worldly success.

And heartily do I commend this book to the doctors. It will have no more appreciative readers than the faculty. Each practitioner will read what is said of the other practitioner with interest and approval.

Mr. Lent's chapter on homœopathy is one of the most searching that has been

A Word From a Friend

written since Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote his "Currents and Counter Currents." Dr. Holmes held the point of view of a man who had floated upon one, but Mr. Lent has tried both, and the electric current beside. As a survivor, he arouses wonder, not to say, awe.

A literary or artistic expression is an insecure index of personality. If Mr. Lent becomes an habitual author he may recover a temper and moods, because it hurts some folks worse to compose literature than it hurts others to have rheumatism; but his life has been given to more practical ends than authorship, hence he has not acquired the practice of irritation which is supposed to mark the species. He is a fond husband and father, a dutiful servant, an exemplary citizen, a loyal friend, a—— But just here I seem to see his grave, blue eyes and his quizzical smile,

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and to hear his calm voice in protest against any personal revelations. He will make such as he deems best for print. I will respect what I believe to be his wishes, and forbear, only adding the hope that the next four years of his life may be as interesting to his circle of acquaintance as the last four have proved to be, for lo: their record!

CHARLES M. SKINNER.

INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

BIG game, the North Pole, the African jungle, the Klondike, automobiles and flying machines offer diversions for the strenuous American, and these tame pursuits are all very well for men and women in health. Books have been written on all these subjects. The adventures of the rheumatic with his doctors present some thrilling, barbaric features frequently referred to in medical journals as remedial systems, and quite otherwise referred to by the patient, who has been blistered, branded, baked and scientifically "done." Medical literature, here and there, no doubt, contains long-worded accounts of these adventures of the rheumatic while gunning for health. No adequate account by a rheumatic, who has hunted for health along nearly every

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trail suggested by science, has ever been printed, although they have been at the game, as the records show, for 5,500 years at least. Mummies of rheumatic ancestors afford ground for the inference that the mustard plaster, the blister, the hot poker, and perhaps a hundred other devices for doing good were invented in the same week in which prehistoric man started his first bonfire. And as Adam lived for nine hundred and thirty years, it is to be assumed that he was a chronic. They all live to be very old, rheumatic patients do. They become immune from other diseases, the very cause of their affliction apparently being an anti-toxin which wards off the other ills to which their neighbors fall heir.

Four years ago I suffered an acute attack of rheumatism. It settled down upon me one night so that I could not stir on the

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next morning. I could not go to business that day, but managed to hobble down on the following day. This illness passed away, and I began to think little of it. But it recurred. It returned frequently, and in less than a year it had resolved itself into the chronic condition. I knew nothing about doctoring. I had always been well—at least, since childhood's usual illnesses. To be sure, I had at times felt twinges, which reminded me that my ancestors were of gouty English stock, but I gave little thought to these manifestations of latent trouble. At the beginning I supposed that the doctor would fix me up promptly. If he couldn't, I supposed that something would turn up to effect a cure. Therefore, I tried things as they were recommended, feeling hopeful every time. The experiences were novel, but did not suggest a book until four years'

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searching for health found me a hopeless cripple compelled to give up business. I stuck it out until I couldn't walk. For the greater part of eight months I was compelled to keep in bed, and as I had always enjoyed being busy this restraint drove me almost crazy. It was a field of human experience of which I had never read. I determined to let the world know about it when urged on by friends who heard me tell the tale. All the queer situations came vividly to mind, and these have been wound into the narrative. The pain and the sorrow connected with suffering are understood and do not need to be dwelt upon.

Of all the ill winds that blow good to the doctors and the druggists, rheumatism is the greatest. It is in respect of that familiar metaphor a perennial cyclone. It is the most reliable old pot boiler that the

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doctors have, and if anybody should really find a cure for it, the doctors would be scared to death. "Remedies" by the gallon are gushing, to every heart beat, through the circulatory systems of a million Americans. At least that number are at any given time in the chronic stage of rheumatism.

There is no limit to which the adventurer may go in following the suggestions of his guides, the doctors, along these trails. The author has tramped, or trundled, over nearly all of their hunting grounds. About twenty-five doctors, including specialists, osteopaths, hydrotherapists, regulars, homœopaths, Turkish-baths, surgeons, magnetic healers and clairvoyants have been tried. Some of them treat you on the theory that they may make a lucky stab. Another prescribes a mouth wash, as it may be

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that some unknown germ, whose picture and Bertillon measurements are not as yet in the rogue's gallery of the bacteriologist, has entered your oesophagus, from which it will branch off somewhere to your back-bone, its happy hunting ground. Absent treatment, at one dollar per, has a marked effect on your cash circulation. Spinal manipulation by the latest pugilistic methods gives rise to an inflammation which, you are convinced, can be cooled off only in your engaged quarters at Greenwood. The magnetic man draws a ten-inch spark out of your sore bones and you bay like a moon-sick pup. The hydrotherapist squirts a sixteen pound stream on the vulnerable points, and six months after the treatment you are no worse than you were two years before taking it.

The adventurer is impressed with the

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wonderful advances made by the followers of the healing art during the past 5,500 years. At present, the author has no desire, like Peary, to make another expedition. In another 5,500 years, however, he would like to wake up and try some of the things that science has devised in the mean time. The evolution of our crude methods to perfection at that date are possible. When that happy time comes he hopes to be served up in style, with gravy and chestnut dressing, at the annual feast of some medical society. The present methods leave a man only half baked, and the feeling is not so pleasant as that which our successors will enjoy.

If any of the technical terms used in this medical treatise are not understood by the reader, and can not be found in the dictionary, the author is in a position to cite patent medicine advertising taken

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from our leading newspapers, to prove that such language has been allowed in print before. If the book is confiscated or comstocked anywhere, this patent medicine advertising will be strung out into an affidavit to prove that no harm was intended. The idea has not been to write a book which could be left in a room with a child without attracting its notice, but its atmosphere, like that of the drug store, it is hoped, will prove penetrative to the pill purveyor and all his customers, who include the human race. Need it be added that a farther guarantee that the thought radiation from these pages is purely anti-septic is hereby given, although, like formaldehyde, it may not seem so if literally swallowed.

But after all, shall we dispense with the doctors? Never. They have done their best and the author forgives them. He has

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the kindest feelings for every doctor and healer who has treated him. The regular, the homœopath, the osteopath and all are helping thousands to escape their physical ills. Some, like the author, recover slowly, but they get the most for their money, and instead of seeking the jungle or the pole for adventure, they find that the doctors stand ready to furnish all the excitement a man cares for.

THE AUTHOR.

THE REGULAR PHYSICIAN

THE REGULAR PHYSICIAN.

THE conservative thing to do when you have a pain is to hire a doctor.

This is in accordance with established custom. And the most conservative course to follow is to engage a physician of the old school, one that the homœopaths call an allopath, and that the allopaths call, a regular. The theory of this ancient school of practitioners is that a strong dose is required to remove a pain. They seek to cure their human victim by surcharging his alimentary system with some drug extracted from Nature's bountiful supply. The idea seems to be to get enough of the drug into a man to change the color of his blood, or thoroughly to disinfect his vital organs and thereby tinker with what they are pleased to call

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the metabolism until the machinery is in proper running order.

Four years ago the author took what appeared to be a rheumatic pain to an old-school physician. He prescribed salicylic acid. Now, the theory is that salicylic acid makes a bee-line for the painful spot and removes from the tissues and joints the uric acid deposits that are intruding on the nerves. Practically, however, it is known that the acid destroys the functions of the human stomach while en route to the back. The net result of this treatment is that your back is better, but you can't eat for a few weeks. Until some means of dispensing with a man's stomach and its immediate accessories are devised by this school of medicine, it occurs to the experimented-upon that salicylic acid will be an ineffective drug. When emergencies of this

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character happen in the plumbing business, they construct what is called a by-pass—a sort of elbow which carries the water around an obstacle. Let a by-pass be introduced into the human system so as to avoid the stomach. Then salicylic acid or any other form of dog poison may be administered without upsetting the digestive apparatus which is even at this late day so necessary to sustain human life.

Salicylic acid is only one form of the salicylate group. The members of this group must be taken, one at a time and all together, before a complete test and wreck are effected. After this course, a man's stomach, which should resemble tripe as we see it in a state of nature and at the butcher's, becomes of a lovely green-brown, with white ulcerations. This coloring spreads like dye-stuff in a mill stream and makes itself felt every-

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where—principally in the mouth. The dark-brown taste of the morning after is as nothing to the green-brown taste of this morning. The tongue shows forth the symptoms of a change and a tired early-Spring feeling settles upon the victim.

While in this state of lethargy, it is fit that stimulating outward applications should be made to extract the stagnant juices from the creaking joints. For this therapeutic purpose Nature built the Spanish fly. Most flies bother us while they live. It remains for the Spanish fly to get in his work when dead and pulverized. Nearly every druggist keeps in stock a jar full of Spanish flies. These insects do not lose any of their strength by being a long time dead. They are about an inch in length, with plumage as brilliant as the potato bug's, and give forth

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a perfume quite as far-reaching. For purposes of accurate comparison, a knowledge of farming is necessary, and that the writer has had, particularly in the potato bug department. When a mere lad he was set to work removing these bugs from the potato plants and destroying them one by one, in the way originally adopted, viz., by squeezing the bug into kingdom-come between the thumb and first two fingers of the right hand. Farmers who now call for "spiritus frumenti," at the leading town bars, are frequently seen to hold up two fingers of the right hand and ask for "bug juice." A sense of the origin of the term seems to be near them.

The artful druggist makes an ointment with the fly dust, and when this is placed over the joint which has put the walking mechanism out of order, wonderful changes seem to take place. Joint? Why,

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it would animate an opium joint! This application of the allopath gives the victim something entirely new to occupy his thoughts. In a few hours the place where he has stored his rheumatism is indicated by a lubbering blister which is soon reduced to a map of Australia done in red. In all the thirty-three degrees to be passed through to become an adept in rheumatism, nothing produces greater amiability than this device. Still, when you realize that you are being done good, you don't mind so long as they skin you in a two-by-two patch at a time. Similar treatment might kill a horse or a dog, but the human jogs on, full of cuss words and hope. He consoles himself with the thought that these old-school physicians have passed beyond the stage of experimentation, and that while their methods may seem painful, they are sure. In a

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philosophic frame of mind, a dozen or so of blisters on the material frame are no great matter. Look at Job! Most of a man's blood rises to the surface, in the vicinage of the application, and he assumes the appearance of a ripening tomato, that part of him which is away from the flies not maturing so fast as the rest of him. When the blisters heal, an improvement is noticed. The patient thinks about his victuals and is able to sleep. It is also noticeable that the rheumatic pains are no worse, and that the joints appear to be no stiffer. This experience with the flies makes a man understand that he might, indeed, be worse off.

At the time of the Spanish Inquisition, it was found that if red hot irons were placed to cool on a man's back, certain phenomena were to be noted. The monks, the scientific men of that day, occasionally

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made records of their conclusions as to this process. Some valuable data no doubt has been lost, but enough remained when that Frenchman, Paquelin, made his exhaustive study of the subject to result in the cautery named for him. The Paquelin cautery is an indispensable article in the surgical outfit of any up-to-date physician. Briefly described, it is a round piece of one-quarter-inch steel, eight inches long, with one end slightly flattened. It is hollow, so that a stream of ignited benzine may be forced through the flattened end, with a rubber tube and ball; in fact, it is almost the same thing as the burning tool supplied with a pyrography outfit. A red hot poker would answer every purpose, but Paquelin got this thing up to stay red hot all the time. A poker keeps red hot long enough to brand a steer, or burn the spavin on a

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horse. No such momentary tickling will answer, however, for the human animal. For him, let it be red hot, and plenty of it.

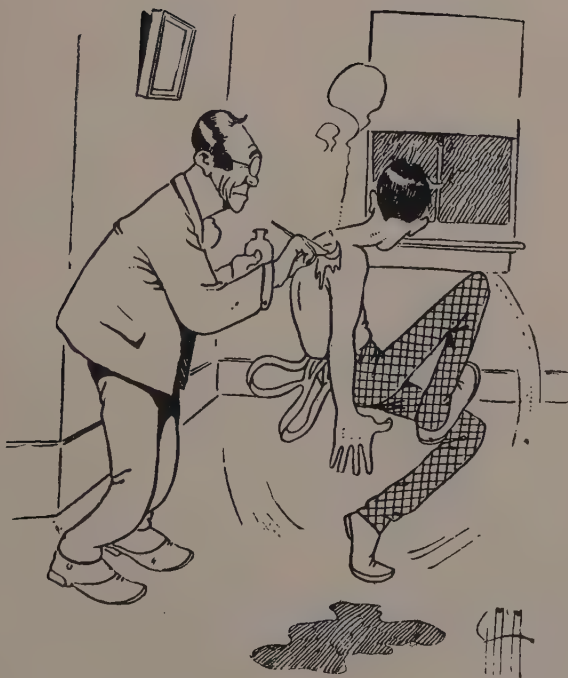
To be done, good, by the cautery, the victim bares his back and the doctor proceeds to swipe. The odor of burning flesh quickly fills the room. The most rheumatic victim becomes spry. He does the czardas, the hoochee-koochee, the can-can, and the Highland fling, and accompanies himself with song. The doctor is surprised, and says the young women come to him especially for this form of nerve tonic. In your mind's eye you see whole trainloads from young ladies' seminaries coming to town to sample Paquelin's popular pacifiers.

You soon learn that it costs five dollars per to be branded by a specialist, so you present a pyrography outfit to your wife, and teach her how to put the red spots

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on. At first it surprises you to note how fond she is of the task. You feared she would shrink from the job, but not so. Women take to doctoring and decorating with equal facility. About the fourth lesson she is able to put burnt-wood designs on you that you long to show to the neighbors. Home pyrography practised on papa's back makes it simple and easy to do the work on wood and pigskin afterward.

The object of the cautery is to call the attention of the blood to any given neighborhood, and beside, it is a good anti-septic. Anything red hot, excepting a Coney Island sausage, is germ proof. Therefore, it is a nice, clean way of improving a man. To scratch him with a knife, to let his blood out and do him good, as they did Washington, is unscientific now.



Applying the Rejuvenating Cautery.

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To cool off a nervous man, drop a little hot iron on him. His knowledge of comparative temperatures is thereby increased, and while he may run up to the boiling point and steam in his language, he will as quickly subside to sub-normal. Tyndall demonstrated heat to be a mode of motion. A man with hot iron on him goes through all the modes of motion there are.

Mustard plasters are next recommended. These inventions, you are informed, are the great pain extractors. Up to this time, the writer's only experience with mustard plasters had to do with one he made and placed on the exiguous stomach of a literary friend. That plaster saved his friend's vermiform appendix, and also his valuable young life. The great efficacy of this application was due to the fact that it was nearly all mustard, with only a little self-raising pan-cake

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flour added; and, what was more important, it was smeared good and thick all over the seat of misery. This, with copious doses of morphine, lulled the patient into forgetfulness and caused him to see fish at his bedside. Thus we left him fishing and happy. In two months he was about again.

Reverting to the author's case, it was determined to apply a long, narrow mustard plaster from the nape of the neck to the last nodule on the coccyx. The coccyx is what remains of the tail which our arboreal ancestors used as a suspensor when they wished to drop more easily from limb to limb in their forest home. Evolution has reduced this once elegant and tortuous appendage into a mere ankylosed stub, but it is large enough for all practical purposes in the modern home; at least, such is the conclusion which has been

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reached by the leading women's clubs which have debated the subject. By the Darwinian theory of reversion, however, the continued crowding of trolley cars may restore this missing member, so that ladies and gentlemen who are compelled to stand up may twine their fifth limb around the strap rod and comfortably hold the baby and bird-cage, or read the newspaper. What those who are sitting will do with theirs, we leave to them or the tail(ors) to decide.

~ Again reverting to the personal case, the plaster applied was of the regulation home-made variety, planned, built and stuck on by the author's wife, who has ever been a faithful help in these times of fleshly mortification. The sun-burnings of twenty summers were as nothing to it. Along the entire track of its operations, from head to coccyx, it set the blood to

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dancing as gleefully as a burning glass could have done it. While we cannot conceive of a rhinoceros being done good by so mild an irritant, we feel reasonably envious of any animal with a ten-inch hide, because after the exercises he could bury himself for three weeks in mud, as at Carlsbad and Mt. Clemens. A soothing thought.

Internal dosing was not stopped while attention was being given to these outside matters. The allopath at this stage of the proceedings sought to introduce into the circulatory system a half dozen or so of local stimulants and things. Any one of these is supposed to reach the center of the spinal cord, which is the root of the nervous system. From this headquarters the drug ought to miraculously pervade the ganglia and nerve ramifications right down to the smallest capillary which opens

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and shuts, at the nerve's say-so, at that particular point. So much for the plan and scope of this prescription. Its actual accomplishment was the consternation of the author's household, with coroner, police court, district attorney and newspaper complications threatening for a couple of hours, while hot water by the toilet-set pitcher-full was hastily poured by the excited author into his wife, and as rapidly removed therefrom. To explain: This much-esteemed lady was contemporaneously drugging, but on an independent basis, and for ailments which her husband could never hope to have. The same doctor was doing both good. The chronic victim was taking his six poisons, five drops after each meal, and was careful not to take five and one-quarter drops for fear of precipitating his beloved lady into an expensive litigation with the life insur-

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ance company. The acute sufferer was taking her medicine from a bottle of about the same size and appearance as that containing the six poisons. Her time for taking it was every once in a while, as women take medicine or candy. One night after dinner the crash came. Reaching for her medicine in the dark on top of the refrigerator, the poisons came to hand first. Two teaspoonfuls took the usual course, and in less than five minutes—following some gasps, some clammy exhibitions by the forehead and hands, with impending coma—brought the emergency methods into action, as above stated. Then a rush to the drug store for an antidote. The druggist delved quickly into the prescriptions, then again into a large book, keeping one eye on the clock to note the flight of valuable time. He said there was an overdose of only one of the poisons, naming some par-

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ticular one. If the hot water had not removed it, he said, no hope remained. Then a cab to the doctor's. He said the druggist was a fool, and, looking into a large book, quoted what seemed to be a weighty authority to prove that not the poison which the druggist had named, but another one of the six had been taken in excess. The doctor agreed in the druggist's conclusion, however: if the hot water had not effected a cure, nothing would. Back home again. The hot water had done the trick and the toxicological question raised by the experts in the case has not been arbitrated.

During these early efforts of the medicine men it often seemed that a cure was looming a little way ahead. But this experience reminded one of the traveler's when first seeing the kiang, the wild ass of Tibet: It looks like a horse, but isn't. The sufferer must plod on, through waste

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places of his career; before him, in the desert, the stately pyramids of Malpighi, and the monolith columns of Bertin. Do not look for these in your geography, dear reader, nor consult Baedeker. These architectural features are to be found in the human kidney, where they were discovered by the explorers for whom they are named, and are merely mentioned to add the illuminating effect of metaphor to an otherwise technical tale.

Thousands of kidney washes are on the market. Tap water is as good as any of them for washing down the Malpighi and removing the incrustations from the colonial front of the Bertins. Water at champagne prices, however, is more highly regarded, because it contains more of that scouring grit called lithia. These waters you drink until the cellar is full of old bottles. As the reform administration will

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not remove them, and the junk men say they can't handle them, spring water drinking ceases as these containers begin to encroach on the upper bedrooms.

During this period of internal and external treatment, the medical man holds the patient to a strict diet. This is important. The Diet of Worms was important, too. Wonder why it is not prescribed?

But they say—these doctors—that flesh food contains uric acid and other injurious by-products, and so is to be shunned. Our physiologies told us in early youth that the human stomach is pyriform. Yet there must be no pie. A learned writer on psychological subjects, in a recent work, digresses for a page or two from his text to prove that American pie is wholesome; that it contains only a little flour and water, spice and fruit, and that these

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things, taken pie-form, are none the less wholesome on that account. This same scholarly writer, with his fine equipment of intellectual resources, would also find it easy to prove that the present pyriform appendix was either originally intended for pie or has become adapted to it so that we may now eat mother's choice products without fear.

Spinach is good for rheumatics. Eat parsnips, too, if you want to, though not over eighteen or twenty at a meal. Beware of potatoes. The water in them is all right, but the starch sets up an uneasy ferment, and ferments make acid and acid makes rheumatism. Apples are good, but no seed fruits, or canned fruits, are allowed. Eggs contain dangerous animal by-products, such as feathers, and are therefore stricken from the list. Coffee is allowed and also tea. These are always good.

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Little attention need be paid to the above dietary, however, because it is only one of twenty, each one different, which the author has had prescribed for him by as many different doctors.

Any animal except a human being knows when and what to eat. Nature protects the health of the dumb creatures by standing guard through their instincts. Man was turned loose, and the first thing he did was to eat the forbidden fruit his wife had brought home for dinner. Don't blame Adam. We all do the same thing. The tree of human knowledge grows as various members of the human race graft this and that upon it. Experimenters widen our mental horizon and enable the pathologist and toxicologist to jot down interesting conclusions at the autopsy and in the laboratory.

The author once wrote an obituary of

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a man who sampled oatmeal water. Only it wasn't oatmeal water ; it was embalming fluid. About the same thing came near happening last summer in front of the writer's home. An Italian came along. He had evidently worked around new buildings, and had been in the habit of drinking directly from the hose used by the man who mixes the mortar. The author had engaged the representative of the Tree Planting Society to remove the vegetarian caterpillars from the tree directly in front of the house. The apparatus used for this purpose consists of a pump ; a barrel of bug poison, mounted on a wagon, and a long hose leading from the barrel. The Italian arrived just as work on the caterpillars was to begin. The faucet end of the hose was shut off and lay on the side-walk. All hosiery looked alike to this fellow. He reached for it and turned the tap.

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"For God's sake, Johnny, don't drink that!" shouted the caterpillar man from the wagon, with one hand on his heart.

The Italian cursed him for his stinginess, but passed on, alive.

Which goes to show that a man will put anything down his throat. He begins on pins and buttons when a baby and never lets up. And the strange part of it is that the professors who write so many miles of essays on dietetics or proper victuals can't agree on what is good for a man and what not, any more than the man himself, with his weak instinct, can agree to pass a \$1.50 table d'hôte if he has the price.

All the allopathic methods, of course, cannot be dwelt upon. Salves, liniments and plasters add to the monetary interest and help to complicate the complications. Still it would not do to pass over cupping without some slight consideration.

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Cupping sounds like acquainting yourself with something worth while from a cup, but nearly everybody understands, even if he has not had an experience with it, that it has nothing to do with tankards. Cupping is taken wet or dry. Having tried the dry only, that method is here dwelt upon. The wet is, no doubt, just as pleasant. The decorations made by this method are large and purple, and you notice them for several days, even when you can't see them. Cupping works nicely whenever the cup gets a hold sufficient to withstand a fifty-pound pull. If the defendant is bony this is not always possible. In the early days of his treatment the author was fairly muscular and cuppable. Having dropped forty pounds since then, and being at jockey weight, there seems to be no meaty area on his back sufficiently

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large to include the circumference of a drinking glass. At some point in the tangent, the glass rests on a bone which humps up and destroys the vacuum and the suction before the cup can dig in for a good hold.

To make the above clear, an idea of the method must be given for the benefit of readers who have heretofore escaped cupping. The doctor takes an ordinary drinking glass, pours a little alcohol into it and then throws in a lighted match. As the alcohol ignites, he jabs the rim of the glass into the victim's back, just where the trouble is. If the tackle is a good one, you get some lovely color effects through the glass. The heat creates a partial vacuum in the glass and the atmospheric pressure forces all the way from one-inch to an inch-and-a-half of prime rib roast right into the vessel, and all the time it seems

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as if the rest of him were backing in after it. This sensation presently changes and the victim, who cannot see what is going on, begins to feel that some powerful sucker is drawing on him for all it, or he, is worth. Although not a sight draft, for the reason above explained, it is quite as compulsory as if a bill, with request for immediate cash, had been run in at the same point, say, by a pelican.

When they take off the glass, after fifteen minutes, the space it covered is trampled and disheveled, like the old meadow when the circus tent has been moved away, or the spot where the hen coop was until yesterday. It looks like a well battered eye, with all suggestion of the eye obliterated—nothing but an angry purple and black mass, swollen and ready to burst. There is satisfying evidence here that the metabolism at this point and for

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some distance directly underneath has undergone a change.

Having successfully withstood the effects of one cup, half a dozen are now stuck on, simultaneously. Then you cling, yearningly, to the bed post to keep from being drawn backward out of the window. Such suction you never backed up against before or otherwise. Blood deserts the brain so fast, hurrying to fill the cups, that you become faint and cannot meet the situation with words. The same also from the other end: you have cold feet.

For a couple of weeks after this session you sleep face down, sit on the edges of chairs and patriotically talk red, look white and feel blue when your friend Bill gives you his customary slap on the back.

The writer has enjoyed the rheumatism now for four years. During that time he has retained the same regular physician.

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and with this physician's tacit consent has tried the various other schools and methods as described in this volume. It was during the first two years that the treatments referred to in this initial chapter were tried and didn't seem to work much. Many others had no doubt been lambasted into good health, just as a mule may sometimes be induced to go ahead, if you keep worrying him. In the author's case, however, nothing that the allopath had in stock seemed strong enough to budge the enemy. A hundred efforts were made to reach his base of supplies, but it was no use. Every resource of the allopath was tried—arsenic, strychnine, salol, protonuclein, ammoniacal, iodide of potassium (on a mercurial poisoning theory which didn't pan out) and the pharmacopœia knows what all—everything which had ever killed or cured a human being or been avoided by a dog,

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has been introduced to and into this case. It became so that this expert could tell in a few minutes, by sniffing around in a drug store, whether the proprietor was out of any particular drug, or just how much he had left. This applied to goods in stoppered bottles and included the full line, except soap, cologne, candy, hair-brushes, and hot-water bags, though when in these departments the scent sometimes wandered and chased the quarry in among the red flannel chest protectors and the liver pads.

This somewhat active participation as the Passive Subject in the field of modern medicine as practiced by its regular representatives, recalls vividly to mind the scenes of hog-killing time on the farm. The P. S. in that case was strung up and soused in a hogshead of boiling water. The hired man then removed hair, dand-

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ruff and all, with the sharp bottom of a tin candle stick, and a nice, clean job was the result. The old hog certainly never looked better, although dead. The allopath struggled hard to get this result, but could not. His methods were more drastic, but the victim would not yield. It may be said, however, as in the case of the hog, that from the time the allopath took hold, the patient in this case has never looked better, nor felt so.

TURKISH AND ELECTRIC BATHS.

TURKISH AND ELECTRIC BATHS.

A THIN man fond of lean bacon can get leaner bakin' in a Turkish bath than anywhere else.

Our first records of bathing show that in the early days man was content to take a chunk of soap-stone and dabble in the brook. It is nowhere stated that he boiled the water on Saturday night or made any extra fuss about such matters. A man living near to Nature's heart does not need to practice the fancy arts of civilization. The author knows an Adirondack guide who, when he puts on a new shirt, puts it on to stay until it is removed by wear, tear and natural disintegration. If the shirt goes on in the early Spring it moults in the late Fall, when it is time for something heavier, anyway. No more companionable fellow than this guide could be found. It

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must be remembered, however, that he lives out doors and mingles freely with the wind. Put him amid highly socialized surroundings—for instance, in a ball room, in a state of action—and we can imagine a falling off in his popularity. This goes to show that bathing has been practiced largely on account of our unnatural indoor existence, and Turkish bathing is commended because nothing else quite so strenuous in the washing way has yet been introduced in America. Simeon Ford and other authorities on the subject approach it from the standpoint of men in health seeking to transfer title to certain of their real estate. This, to the author, while a matter of some achers, possibly, was incidental to the trial of its ache-destroying power. He was assured by friends that the Turkish bath would do him good. Having tried it, he is convinced

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that it did. It fixed him so that he is afraid he may cut himself with his shadow, but opened up to him the possibilities of a new occupation—that of living skeleton with the circus.

The first thing you do at a Turkish bath is to pay a dollar. Then you write your name and address in a large book. This proves valuable in case you are not able to remove the remains unaided. Your jewelry and valuables you leave in the safe, because some Turk not yet sobered up may go home in your clothes. One side of the establishment is for men and the other for women. Should Dr. Mary Walker enter, she would leave her duds on the men's side and escape to the women's room through a private door. The sight of her clothes on the women's side would create needless alarm, and might ruin the business.

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This is no society function, hence bathing suits are not needed. The clothing is removed in a four by eight room, furnished by a cot on which the effects of the treatment may be slept off. Assuming a towel, you stand girded as Adam in Eden and more ready to raise Cain than you will be Abel to later. In the palm of your left hand you grasp a quarter. The rubber (defined later) will not ask it of you, because he is a heavyweight and can take care of himself, but he wants it and will get it. In Turkey, those who expect, receive, or if they don't, nothing is easier than to do you a whole dollar's worth of damage when they have you down.

Emerging in your natural beauty, or pristine elegance, you approach the platform scale and are weighed in. Allow one quarter pound tare for the towel and your net weight may be easily computed. You

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then step from the scale to the hot room. This has accommodations for twenty cases. It is entered through a vestibule, temperature 90° F., and as you step in, 150° strikes you hard all over, but principally on the soles of your feet. The marble floor right at that moment makes it feel 230° . Therefore you step lively along the matting which you are quick to discover, and plant yourself in a reclining chair, heated to 231° , and curl your No. tens into a pail of water. Thus you sit, pigeon-toed and expectant.

A number of other Adams are in the hot room, some well done and some rare. The stout men show the best results. It is not a case of grilled bones with them, as it proves to be with the rest of us. A two-hundred-pounder hardly bakes at all. He stews in his own gravy, while a lean man, shut in for the same term, must drink a

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gallon of water in order to raise even a dew.

One thing a man with a pain quickly discovers here: the heat puts his nervous system into liquidation, and for the twenty minutes he sits in this temperature his joints loosen, his muscles relax and he is happy. The first visit to the hot room seems to show that relief has been found—but, alack, and even, alas! The same nervous system resumes business as soon as it is clothed again. This is only a recess. This effect of heat on pain has been explained by medical men in many ways—some think the increased circulation does it; another authority claims that chemical changes take place in the nerves. The befogged layman replies that he does not raise a question as to their axiopistry. This free-hand use of technicalities on his part takes a lot of the doctor's time to in-

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vestigate, and two more dollars are privately added to the bill. So, the first few minutes in the hot room bring a comforting relaxation. You find you can stretch in places that would not give before. In a few minutes more you put on airs and cross your legs—a joy which has not been granted you in many months. Your picture taken in this attitude would indicate your pride. One foot remains, stork fashion, in the tub, while the other dangles in mid-air. This foot has not dangled in so long a time that even in a picture you could almost hear it dang. It bobs around in a careless, disjointed fashion like a weather-vane urged by zephyrs. By and by you give the other foot a chance. Your warm companions are doing the same thing in a matter-of-course way; therefore, they are not rheumatics and may be classified along with those who adopt

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this lazy method of getting next to godliness.

The treatment is constitutional. So you are informed by the establishment's book describing the process and containing the testimonials. The rheumatism, itself, is clearly constitutional—at least, no authority to which you have appealed for its removal has as yet been able to upset its constitutionality. It is certainly imbedded in the organic law, or something; leastwise, it is imbedded. The Turkish bath sets up to amend the constitution by striking out those sections which support this rheumatic suffrage, or suffering. Hence, you vote the Turkish bath ticket and join the Order of the Bath and all the other clubs which declare for this amendment.

You must drink plenty of water when in the hot room. They tell you that ice water is the thing to take. You see, the idea is

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to convert you into a percolator and thus wash you from the inside, out. The heat sets all the bodily machinery at work. A glass of water goes in, and in three minutes, provided the pumps work, beads forth on the surface. The epidermis curls up and drops off, or loosens sufficiently to give way at the next course. Thus does the white man change his skin. The Ethiopian would do the same, if they would let him in. As for the leopard, we dare believe this process would knock the spots off from him.

Thus you sit and percolate during the first ten minutes. Your steady drip on the marble floor, if heard in the night at home, would rout you out of bed to light the lantern and make a search for leaking pipes. Here, it raises no such fears, but if you should close your eyes in slumber, just such a pipe dream might disturb you.

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Ice water is poured on the head when the blood begins to boil and you begin to emulate the lobster in your complexion. The ice water applied at the top prevents the blood from unduly expanding the brain tissues. It congeals the circulatory system in that region, prevents sun-stroke, and enables one to more rationally consider in how many different ways it is possible to be uncomfortable. The hottest days of summers past are recalled, yet nothing like it can be remembered. After twenty minutes in the oven, if a fork be stuck in at any point, it will be found that you are well done and ready to be turned over and basted and lambasted in the next course.

You touch a button and the gentleman who does the rest arrives. Here we have the rubber. He was born in Sweden, where they wear furs nearly all the year.

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Here he appears as décolleté as can be referred to in print. This artist is an expert in Swedish movements, and his magnificent "altogether" shows he has the muscular development necessary to meet all comers—the rheumatic ones, at any rate. He stands about five feet eight, is broad-faced, stout-limbed, blue-eyed, and with tousled hair and moustache. The most highly developed portions of this strong man's physique are his fingers. These have for years run over and into all the sharp and flat places of thousands of human subjects, and their sausage-like massiveness shows that the exercise has done them good. The rubber leads the way to his private apartment, a four by six marble morgue, where the tools of his business are handily placed. He lays you out on a marble slab, in so far as your joints will accommodate themselves to this substitute

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for a spring and mattress. It is the best the quarry could afford, and you are thankful for an air-pillow large enough to rest one ear upon.

Stock manipulation on the exchange is nothing to the manipulations practiced by this expert. He bears on hard; mauls, hauls, pulls, scrapes, pinches and concludes his performance with thwacks that sound like a clog-dance on a hollow box. The live stock he has been hammering responds to these bear tactics and falls off several points—in fact, the quarter's anticipated dividend you brought in with you is passed out, but it is not likely that future earnings will warrant any more payments. Most of the plant appears to have been dismantled. If what is left is able to start up again, it will be a surprise to the management.

A copious lather, vigorously applied and

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taken off again with a floor brush, reduces all superficial obstructions to a subcutaneous level. The Croton is then turned on and the Augean tramp is actually cleaned, perhaps for the first time in thirty years, by this rubber Hercules. The hose throws on a stream which splashes merrily on and between the subject's fret work. It indeed augurs well for the victim's constitution if up to this point he has been able to stay in the game. The final course, the plunge into a tank of cold water, is followed by an icy stream from the hose. This augers well into his liver, sets it whirling on its axis and makes his pancreas flip-flop in its pan. Other mechanical and chemical changes, said to do the victim good, also take place internally. Just what these are deponent can not state, but it is a long time before one feels right again along the tow-path of his alimentary canal.

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Towels, quite large enough even to fill the palm of the hand, are patted on the surface to catch such moisture as may remain. A cold swaddling sheet is then tucked into the collar bones and the specimen is laid away on the cot in his cell. Thus he gains time to work on his breathing mechanism, with the hope of tightening some of the belts and reducing the revolutions on the main shaft to the usual number a minute. As he cautiously reaches beneath the sheet, to investigate such changes as have taken place, he notes that the area of soreness has not more than doubled. "It is a good thing to have it move around," the doctors have told him. Provided he can do the same he doesn't mind how much it moves.

Presently, however, the old habit settles down over a wider field of operations. It seems mighty well pleased with the accom-

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modations afforded by a lot of new joints discovered by the rubber. Before taking, you felt stiff, but when you arose from the cot after an hour's inactivity, you found you were all one piece, from neck to ankles. A few slow movements, punctuated by grunts, help to break these joints and make locomotion toward home possible.

"Of course, you can't tell anything by one bath." Of course not. Every cure takes time—a lot of it. Only the chronic invalid can understand how important time is, to the doctors and healers. After some years of treatment you determine to retain Time only and thereby reduce expenses, if nothing else. As a healer he turns out to be as quick as any. A six months' course of Turkish baths, from two to three a week, is what the author suffered on the theory that it would do him good. While this fitted him to move in

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the most polite society, it also made it quite impossible for him to move in society or anywhere else. From this experience the Latin proverb may be correctly applied to bathing: "Firmior quo paratior," which means that the dose may be regulated as the subject is prepared. A man who is all bones would do better to stick to his own bath tub. The heavyweights with a surplus of energy can train down easily and lazily at the Turkish bath.

The electric bath, taken after the Turkish bath, is recommended by the management. Anything recommended is sure to go. At one time during the days of his college house keeping, the author had this fact impressed upon him. As steward of the fraternity chapter house he was interested in the preparation of an important June banquet. Lobsters, of the sea variety, are little known in that North

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country, although the natives know and see plenty of the other kind. These particular lobsters came north from New York the day before. At Syracuse the salt air revived them. At Lowville, they were pretty low, and soon passed out of this life. The housekeeper had engaged "a woman from the Eastern States who knew all about lobsters."

"Are these lobsters all right?" ventured the steward.

"Why, this lady from the Eastern States recommends them highly," replied the elated housekeeper.

"Were they alive when you boiled them?"

"Well, the lady from the Eastern States boiled them and said they would be fine."

About an hour later the steward entered the dining-room where the lady from the Eastern States had succeeded in

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removing the shells from the sea food she so highly recommended. The steward's nose, while pug, is sensitive, probably making up for sense deficiencies in other directions. "Madame," said he, "while none of us has had the great advantages which your nativity and residence in the East give you in an autopsy of this character, yet I am determined to say that, in my opinion, those lobsters were dead when boiled, and are full of ptomaines."

No man can tell a woman cook anything. The women both laughed and the steward sought the air.

At the banquet that evening as the guests encircled the table, up spoke a long-nosed, short-spoken man. Said he: "Steward, what in —— is dead here?"

The steward pointed out four large dishes of lobster salad.

"Let me have 'em," said he.

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Nothing highly recommended ever went better than those lobsters did—out of the window.

The electric bath is administered by a physician. The rubbers can kill a man by their tame methods, if they try, but when it comes to handling the electric fluid, a physician with a diploma must be engaged. This doubles the bill. A wooden bath tub is provided for this course. The tub is nearly filled with warm water. The victim, having been filled with hot air downstairs, gracefully floats on the surface. A carpet-covered brick, at times used to keep the door open, is placed on his chest, where it submerges his thoracic region and puts him on an even keel. From somewhere at the head of the tub, well out of sight, the electric current is obtained. This is transmitted to the water from the negative wire, and the positive handle, covered with

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a sponge, is grasped by the operator. Applied at the nape of the neck the current shoots along the spinal cord and sets up a tingling at the ends of the nerves. This gives a man to understand that he is equipped with a telegraph system of his own, and his only regret is that he can't capitalize it for some remunerative business. A few more amperes, with a little voltage, are then turned on. The current is a great path-finder. Every sore spot is detected and the victim's fins raise waves in response. The idea here, as in nearly all the treatments, is to make a man feel better when the thing is over. There is one other bath beside this and the mud baths which a man may take. It is German in its origin. They call it the "sour bath." The guilty one is put to soak in a vat of tanning fluid. Most animals are not treated in this way while alive. Noth-



A Highly Developed sense of Touch in any Healer is desirable.

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ing, however, is too good for the invalid while he remains with us. The sour bath was recommended to the author, but the advice came too late. When it arrived he had already been skinned by the allopath and had given up all idea of ever bathing again.

About one-half hour's tickling with the electric fluid suffices. The rubber then takes hold again for an alcohol rub-down, and the experimentalist becomes a specimen of the institution's finished product.

This product may not be easily recognized by its usual characteristics in its own family circle, any more than the Limburger cheese placed before the Irishman by a facetious friend. When the Irishman's face had gone through all the contortions, he mildly inquired, while sniffing from afar: "Phwat is it?"

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"That's Limburger cheese," replied the joker.

"Yes, Oi know," said the Irishman, not in the least bit phased, "but what did they put in it, the dirty devils?"

FRIENDS AND PATENT
MEDICINES.

FRIENDS AND PATENT MEDICINES.

IT is well that our friends stand by us during these days. Their words are comforting and their flowers bring cheer to the sick-room when at last a man is down and almost out in his forty-fourth round. Anything stated here regarding the cures recommended by friends must be understood as a testimonial for or against the remedy itself, and is in no way to be interpreted as a reflection on the friend's integrity of purpose. These good intentions of the author's friends he has piled carefully away, and when he passes over he expects to have enough fire-proof paving material on hand to insure a cool-footed journey into the center of diplomatic circles. When he arrives there, he

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will reciprocate, by doing what he can for his acquaintances. For if a quick recovery is not obtained, it will not be their fault. They stand ready to care for him in this world just as the police and the coroner stand ready to do their part should any of these unofficially prescribed remedies do what they are capable of doing.

This official preparedness of the post-mortem authorities is something we seldom consider, but it came vividly to the author's mind at one time when he had finished his labors for the day and sat in his office with chair tipped back and feet cocked up on his desk. This peaceful and official position he could easily assume in those days before rheumatism.

"We are now ready," said the author, addressing a short, stout man who took a chair near by, "for somebody to die in a mysterious manner."

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"That's right," remarked the other, "and the sooner the thing takes place, the better, for us. They can't put it off too long."

"And the kind of a job which would be simply ideal," continued the stout gentleman, "would involve opium poisoning preferably, or any other kind of poisoning for that matter, with a partial dismemberment of the victim or victims, together with some unusual organic troubles."

"Yes, that would bring all of our resources into play. While, of course we don't wish anybody any harm, at the same time we stand ready for some one to be mysteriously murdered, just to help along the business."

Two days later the greatest murder mystery of modern times was announced in the New York papers and throughout the world. There were two victims: a man

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and a woman. That concern secured both cases and from that day forth the business was a success.

It was a peculiar business, to say the least. The writer's connection with it was that of business manager. A friend induced him to organize, for some physicians, a laboratory which had for its object, "The determination of the cause of death in any instance that may arise." He was to look after the business end, while three specialists—a noted toxicologist, a pathologist and a bacteriologist, attended to the professional work. Some of the finest things in advertising literature are the circular letters which the author sent out to coroners and district attorneys all over the United States, laying before them the resources of this combination of professional skill. Business came in from all over the country. Some surprising prob-

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lems were solved, for substantial fees. A book could be written by a Poe on this weird subject, but we must draw away from it here to give farther consideration to the suggestions of the well-wishers.

One of the queerest remedies suggested was a black powder. This was prescribed in a highly original manner—it was to be absorbed through the socks. The friend who advocated this cure said he had been raised right out of bed after using only three boxes. For this purpose, of course, he wore his socks in bed, but it was mutually admitted that this was a small concession, because he did not have to wear his boots.

Nearly any cure for rheumatism seems absurd to one who does not have it—that is, the rheumatism. One who has, however, is liable to yield to any superstition, hoping against hope, just as the drowning

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man will snatch at sunbeams. Therefore, the author bought a box of the black powder for one dollar. Some just as good could have been mined in the back yard for less money, but it was best to try the real thing. Two tablespoonfuls were sprinkled in each sock and the shoes were put on. Results were then awaited. These came in a few days, and they had nothing to do with the pains, but only with the condition of the feet. These were blacker than an iron pot, and it was apparent that they were being done good. The stuff had not as yet worked its way into the circulation, but it had a clinging hold and would get inside in time, change the color scheme of the interior, and by some process not explained, renovate the victim. Every other day or so more powder was put in. When the box had been emptied, the shoes went on a little tight at first, but every step

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brought relief, because some of the powder sifted through the cracks and sprinkled itself over the shoes. The boot-black asked if stove-polish had been used by the last man who shined them. This scientific, dry kalsomine relief was clearly against sanitary law, and could be practiced only by avoidance of the health inspectors; so pedestrianism was mostly along the side streets for a couple of months. The Turkish bath could not be taken at the same time, for obvious reasons: a display of black feet on a white man would cause remark among the other patrons. Having voluntarily joined the tribe of Black Feet, it became necessary to abide by the family foot tub until, after a few weeks, the traces of tanning compound disappeared. Some practical joker must have planned this thing. His time will come.

The next man with a sure cure had suf-

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ferred many years when he learned of the healing properties hidden in the concentric layers of the onion. "The red onion," said he, "is Nature's own remedy for rheumatism, and I wonder that all sufferers do not give it a trial. Sure relief will follow. It cured me."

The author mildly indicated that he had not been indifferent to the onion, had eaten it whenever served, yet it had not saved him.

"You must take it in the right way," explained the advocate. "It all depends on your taking it so as to get the benefit of its healing properties directly. Onions boiled, or fried, or made into dumplings, after the English fashion, lose their strength in the air, or in the water they are cooked in. Now, the only way to take an onion and have it do you good is to chop it up fine in a bowl, or a food chop-

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per, then mix it with a glass of water and drink it. In a short time you feel like a different man."

Any man not blessed with granite-ware viscera who experiments this way with red onions finds he does feel different as soon as the dose strikes bottom, which it does with a kerchug. There is, however, a hidden elasticity somewhere, for presently the mass rebounds. It takes a strong vessel with a tight lid to hold it. Any one who can eat chop suey in a Chinese restaurant can do it, perhaps, but the average pork-and-beans and pumpkin-pie Yankee can not be catcher on the Onion Nine. No matter how ridiculous an account of a cure may seem to the person who has never acquired rheumatism, the story should be taken for granted. The more absurd, the more likely it is to be true. No fiction is so strange as the true

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stories told by rheumatics, who submit to the cures now offered by fakirs under different names. The author once listened patiently to a man who was telling of his strange experience at a country hotel, out West. During the night he said he was awakened by rats running across the floor at the foot of the bed. This became annoying. He stood it for some time; then he remembered having seen a stove in the room ornamented with brass globes about the size of a golf ball. It was so dark he couldn't see the stove, but he felt around for it and finally succeeded in unscrewing and removing a half dozen of the brass balls. Armed with these he crawled back to bed and waited for the rats. At this point the narrator should have told what the rats said. His neglect to do so makes his tale seem less plausible. Strange to state, in a few minutes the rats started right in for

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another game of tag. Whenever the traveler figured it out that a rat was within range, he would let a missile fly. In each case he was satisfied that a death blow had been struck, and in the morning there were six dead rats on the floor with a brass ball close to each. The author has doubted the truth of this story. He plainly expressed his doubts to the originator of it, and they have not swapped yarns since. The thing lacking is the failure to apply it to the cure of rheumatism. Had the narrator stated that he went to bed with rheumatism and woke up cured, the story, with its incidental rats, would be taken for granted.

Compared with the New Jersey cure, the rat story seems as truthful as a grocer's bill. This New Jersey cure is doing a flourishing business, they say. As yet the author has not had time to try it. This particular system provides that the subject

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shall return very near to Mother Nature—almost too near, for this climate. Clothes are dispensed with. Each patient is allotted to his grave as soon as admitted. This directness is cheerful—a man doesn't stand around there with his hands in his pockets, backed up to a stove and moaning about his luck. Not at all. He gets into his grave, is buried in loose dirt, all but his face, and, thus comfortably disposed of, falls tranquilly, and perhaps permanently, asleep, while gazing at the stars. Should the grave give up its occupant in the morning, he enjoys a breakfast of nuts without extra charge, and joins the physical culture class for the limbering-up exercises of the day. A man thus situated gets to know his neighbors as they really are. There is no hustle and no bustle—the latter is unnecessary. An even calm settles upon existence. Maybe a cemetery

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calm settles on most of the outmates. Statistics are not at hand, but the author wagers a peanut that when a rheumatic gets into one of those graves, no ordinary tin horn gets him up for breakfast. The account of this cure, which appeared in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, did not state that only grave cases are taken, but we assume that to be true.

It was a Wabash railroad man who commended the next sure cure—that was tried. It had cured him of long-standing sciatica. Raw silk underwear, made by a Boston firm many years ago, delivered him from bondage. After writing many letters to Boston, a partner in the old firm was found. He wrote that the inventor of the raw silk underwear cure had followed his own advice and died a few years before, but they had some of the material on hand and would be glad to make up a couple

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of suits. About three weeks was required to manufacture the goods. In the meantime, the capacious undershirt of the Wabash man was loaned for the purpose of securing immediate recovery. This shirt contained enough of the goods to make a whole suit for the writer, who was, however, too modest to suggest the sale of an article which the owner praised so highly. That man's song of his shirt never ended, except when he was switched off to the broader theme of sciatica.

"The minute I put that shirt on," said he, "I could feel a tingling sensation all over. This must have been some peculiar electrical effect of the raw silk. In less than a day all pain left me, never to return. When this happened I was a wreck—had lost fifty pounds and was getting ready to say farewell forever. Now I have all my sheets, pillow-cases, pajamas and under-

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wear made of this material. It is a sure cure."

The loaned shirt was welcomed as enthusiastically as if it were the first sure cure that had been suggested. As already stated, it was ample, having encircled the aldermanic front of a prosperous railroad magnate, who, notwithstanding his claimed loss of fifty pounds, when rescued by this fabric, must have had a few more fiftys to drop before reaching zero. Garbed upon the writer, its terminal facilities were larger than those of the Wabash road. By annexing this shirt, the Wabash would not want to get into Chicago. The shirt would furnish all the yard room desired. Its outer precincts, looking south, fell gracefully around the ankles, but the arms, folded back three times, were stiff and unyielding. A substantial and adequate pair of drawers could have been

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made by removing the arms and erecting upon them the necessary crosswork superstructure to give permanence and continuity to them. Without some such engineering, there was no way in which the wearer could go around with them on, without feeling out-of-doors. Wristlets are all right, but leglets stop too quick to conform to the customs of a country where cushions are all for show on the sofa, and are seldom used to insulate cold chairs.

During the three weeks that this borrowed shirt did service, it seemed too loose to do the work claimed for it. The garments made to measure arrived in due course and fitted snugly. Being raw, the material chapped the skin some, and thus produced a counter-irritant. The uncomfortable feeling wore off as callouses wore on, but no pain went with it. The writer has worn the raw silk every day for nearly

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two years, and testifies that this underwear is as good as any which may be bought for one-third the price. Horsehair might feel more uncomfortable—a little—and with this feature to recommend it, there ought to be an advance in quotations for horsehair furniture pretty soon. A Sure Cure Horsehair Shirt Industry could work off this out-of-date material at a profit. A horsehair shirt would confer the seven years' itch of contentment, reduce irritability, and tranquilize domestic and social relations. The horse would not have to yield any of his radish to add piquancy to the rheumatic's vocabulary.

By some healers the feet are alleged to be at the bottom of all trouble. In this class, along with the black powder advocate, the man with the aluminum soles should be placed. An acquaintance—he is now a former acquaintance—was the

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representative of a concern which claimed to cure rheumatism and heart disease with metal soles made to fit inside of any shoe. One sole had a copper plate at the heel and the other a zinc plate. Thus, it was explained, a galvanic current was sent up one leg and down the other. This current dissolved the uric acid deposits in the blood and carried them off through the skin. The skin plays an important part in these cures, generally as the seller of the miracle.

It is claimed for the soles that after a few weeks, zinc will be found on the copper plate. This means that the body has been converted into an electro-plating battery; so the thing must be doing good. The seller also agrees to return the price if in four weeks no deterioration is shown in the aluminum base of each plate. Deterioration in the plates is interpreted to

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mean a corresponding improvement in the wearer's condition. This is a sure thing, for the guarantor. Anything will deteriorate in a man's shoes, even his feet, where we give so little attention to ventilation. Salt and water will corrode aluminum, and perspiration soon eats away the plates. The men who invented metal soles are said to be getting rich fast, and nearly any one else could, by selling twenty-five cents worth of material for three dollars and a half. The rheumatics of America are a large and easy market. Remove them from the field for a year, and all the water cures would close, most of the doctors would retire, and the patent medicine men would stop advertising. Beside, a thousand and one small fakirs would go to work or starve.

This story is told of a man who understood human nature, especially when it is

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touched with rheumatism: He had just been released from state prison, where they had sent him for being caught at a scheme for securing other people's money without adequate return. While in retirement he had time to consider the weak points in his plan, so that when his term was ended, he knew how to start in and work the thing right. With a few cents he bought some pills at a drug store in a small, inland town; then, at slight additional expense, he inserted an advertisement in the local paper announcing a sure thing rheumatic cure; pills to be sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, etc. The business moved slowly at first, but he soon had cash enough to advertise in other cities. The results were then satisfactory; within a year he had begun to manufacture his own pills, and to-day he is worth a million. He conducted one of

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the largest and most successful sanitariums in the country, with skilled physicians in charge. The chief conspirator merely looked after the business end. When a victim arrived he quietly looked up his commercial rating and made the price accordingly. Had this genius understood what it was possible to do, under the cloak of a healer of human ills, he would not have made the mistake of going to prison. The prison teaches many a rogue to avoid mistakes, and to the opportunities for contemplation which its solitude affords, we owe a great deal beside the benefits conferred by this sanitarium.

As every pugilist understands, if the epigastric nerve be scientifically stimulated, success may be achieved in the first round. A magnetic belt designed to operate on the epigastrium, was the next thing recommended, by a friend, and tried.

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This belt, with its peculiar ventilation through zinc and copper eyelets, is an electrical evolution of the liver pad. Sea changes can now be worked on the human system by the electric fluid, whereas cinnamon, mustard and goose grease were once banked upon. There isn't anything with an electrical attachment one can't have, in these days of progress—insoles, undershirts, corsets, scalp stimulators, wart removers, curling irons, baby jumpers, lady beautifiers, and from these small wants all the way up to automobiles and thirty-story elevators. Put a little electricity into your invention and it appeals to the modern man, surrounded as he is by devices operated with the electric current. Naturally a rheumatic buckles on an electric belt when one is lent by a friend whom it cured of a most distressing case of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and neuritis.

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The picture of this belt, in the pamphlet of directions and testimonials that goes with it, shows how it shoots forked lightning, around the epigastrium, the epithelium, the epiglottis, the epiphyses, and the other epics that are bound in with our remarkable system of works. When you put the belt on, however, you find that the lightning in the advertising literature illuminates only the text. The belt is as unsensational as a country newspaper, whose editor dare not print the things which interest the community. The only thing noticeable about this cure is its inconvenience. It makes a man feel like a lost bundle in a shawl strap, and he is in constant fear that someone will come along and yank him away by the handle. At night, when the belt has to be worn snug, there is a pressure over the zone affected by dinner. This leads the victim to dream

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that he is the champion pugilist, and he displays his belt and his athletic figure to admiring throngs. Then he imagines that he has fallen into the sub-cellar of his office building, which has settled down upon him, the whole twenty stories and the tower. This belt is plainly not for a man used to a loose and hygienic waistband. It can't be worn with suspenders, because it wouldn't then get close enough to stir up the things it stirs with its latent energy in the advertisements. If the salesman can place the belt on the market as a long distance cure, it will be liked better by folks who cling to their epigastriums.

Shortly after this experience with the magnetic belt, a friend advised an electric battery. He said that the magnetic belt did not produce electricity, but the battery was sure to. Actual electricity would remove all the trouble. The battery was

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evidently the thing, and was bought at once. The accompanying book of directions devoted considerable space to rheumatism. This was read before beginning operations. The first thing was to fill a china basin with warm water. Into this was dropped a metal plate attached to the negative pole. A moistened sponge was fastened to the positive pole. Thus, a dry battery was to be applied wet. The treatment is taken before retiring, everything then being ready for a direct transmission without fear of visitors. The right foot is rested on the metal plate in the basin, and the current then turned on. With the sponge in the left hand a staccato is lightly played upon the sensitive joints. In the great galleries we often see pictures entitled "The Bath," and considerable attention is always given to them by lovers of true

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art, but the picture of a man taking electrical treatment by this dry and wet process has not yet been placed before the world. "Ajack's Defying the Lightning" will be a proper title for the painting, and if Ajack's is too abbreviated for clearness, just fill in between the k and the s. After a few weeks of these proceedings you find that you can catch cold ten times as fast as you can overtake health. It will never do to give up, however, for if you lose your grit, you will surely slide down grade. Listen to every man's advice, even though you are not strong enough to take it. The men who give advice on rheumatism are descendants of Euterpe, the inventor of wind instruments. None of her inventions can lead in wind capacity the advocates of the cures that "helped my grandmother," or "put my father right on his feet." You become satisfied that there

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will be a finish to the thing some day, even though you are involved in it. This finish you come to regard as complacently as the Finn does his finitude.

A dear little woman suggested distilled water, and brought the apparatus down from Harlem to make it. It was nearly as large as she. Coming across the bridge the other trolley passengers were satisfied that a big job was on hand somewhere in Brooklyn. Distilled water, it is claimed by some, is better than distilled whiskey, but as few saloons are organized to handle it, there must be a lack of the high ball's basic principle. The still spreads out over the kitchen range and drips forth pellucid H_2O . Such water is absolutely free from any substance, except water. When you take it, no lime, brimstone or germs pass down in soluble disguise; hence, when such water trickles through your tissues,

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it picks up the geological deposits which are lodged there, and disintegrates them into pieces which can be assimilated by the bones, that may then be needing calcium. This is the theory set forth in popular but permissible language by the book which is sent with every distilling machine. How does it work? Nicely, for the manufacturers. They are doing a fine business. Their rating is well up. As for the rheumatic, he guzzles the output, and keeps himself so near the saturation point that when an extra drop goes in, a drop of perspiration drops out. He can be no wetter inside, and this equilibrium is maintained for some weeks, by means of hope and the still faithful still.

Until he tries the distilled water cure, a man has little idea of his cubic capacity. Most of his measurements have been made on the surface, by the tailor. Now he

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begins to get inside figures. The Old Oaken Bucket and Dad's Dinner Pail could not bale him at one filling, while undergoing this treatment. A filling of some other distillation might, to be sure, require more bail. Isn't that a comfort? Distilled water is a bad load, but it makes better ballast than rye; at least, it is not so apt to shift into the steering gear. Reformed prohibitionists say so, anyhow, on their Monday mornings in the police courts.

As a remover, distilled water is not the solvent that it ought to be for those mysterious deposits which insert themselves into the human hinges. If anything, it seems to wet the hinges and rust them, whereas oil of some kind might lubricate them. There is fusel oil, but it has not been tried. It is probably as good as any of the oils that cure rheumatism.

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A number of rheumatics find relief in a ring of a certain alloy of metals. A trial of this ring produced no result except to leave a black mark on the finger. The manufacturers would probably claim that to be a good sign. What the hokus-pokus is that this ring is supposed to work is not understood, and it is not necessary that it should be. Some chemical change is supposed to take place in the wearer shortly after it goes on. The advertising which goes with it should be recited to the lyre. It is by one. You are informed that the ring is a mixture of metals, so ingeniously combined as to obtain the most remarkable results in chronic cases. This language has the dogmatic frankness of a Frankfurter, which is an alloy of animals, ingeniously combined. There are those, however, who look with suspicion on Frankfurters, croquettes, hash, and other

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syndicated food. To these, the ingenious mixture of metals may not appeal, but as you need not eat the ring, no risks are involved. The deception in this piece of metal may be classified as forgery. Metals used in the arts are usually forged. The first man to forge them was a god: Vulcan. He has been honored for it by having a statue, of heroic size, erected in front of a big silver smithery. One of the New York salesmen of the concern, who had seen a picture of the statue on an account, asked an officer of the company: "Who was Vulcan? The first president of the company?"

When the officer had recovered, he replied: "Yes. He made such a good president that we thought it proper to erect a statue of him out at the works."

"Well, he must have been a good business man to organize this company, and

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in my opinion the concern has done the right thing by him."

Another salesman, better posted, for he had been as far from Maiden Lane as Central Park, where he had seen the vultures, spoke up: "Don't you see he's kidding you? Vulcan was a bird."

A man who had been in bed for two months urged a certain patent medicine which is taken in water enough to make a "horse's neck." It does not taste so good, however, but reminds one more of that Patagonian inspirator known as "a warm baby," which is said to be a cross between a "Mamie Taylor" and a "Hot Tom." It looks like its mother, but acts like its dad. If taken at noon, the victim is asleep at his desk by two o'clock, and when awakened by the office boy, he seeks, with uncertain gaze and speech, to re-establish his proper relations to time and

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space. This remedy contains morphine. The man who recommended it found it all right, because he remained in bed with conveniences for respectable slumber right at hand. Wandering from his own fireside, the inquiring patient would do well not to woo Morpheus with this drug. There are nearly enough other complications, without mixing in the police.

Many remedies suggested by friends were not tried—there are so many thousands of them, that one common little life time is not sufficient. These cures range from horse chestnuts to radium. One doctor exposes you directly to the sun, out of doors; another says goat lymph is the thing, another, two meals a day; another, X-rays, and another, Carlsbad salts.

A distinguished alienist says that our method of putting criminals to death by electricity is cruel, and suggests carbon

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dioxide poisoning as the humane way. Here is a doctor who pities a poor fellow because his heart does not stop beating as soon as he becomes unconscious. Sympathy is growing. Let the rheumatics be patient. As soon as this gas has been tried at Sing Sing, the rheumatic corps will get it.

THE LIVER CURE

THE LIVER CURE.

TYPEWRITERS will do away with blotting paper in time. So, raw food and the new system of biting everything 822 times before swallowing will evolve the liver out of existence. For it is no more than a blotter arranged to absorb the clots that blot beauty if they pass into boils or more galling encumbrances and exhibitions. Gladstone was content to take thirty-two bites of every food morsel, for the purpose of avoiding liver complaint. The latest theory calls for mastication until swallowing becomes involuntary. This may be achieved, in the case of a raw onion, by 822 bites. Such a system makes of cud chewing a man's leading occupation, leaving three minutes out of the twenty-four hours to attend to

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his business and other worldly or spiritual affairs. People following this system of eating are soon able to dispense with livers. They get their food down so fine and in such a perfect condition for assimilation that there is nothing for the liver to filter, so it shrivels and takes a place with the vermiform appendix, the coccyx, the long nails, the canines, the hair and the other used-to-be's which some years ago grandfather found useful in the woods.

Calomel is the great agent to stir the liver. A calomel pill, if large enough, will give the liver its last stir, but a little one will kick with winged feet at the hepatic cells until the inhabitants thereof are hustled out to learn why they are wanted. Just at that point in the excitement, about 6:00 A. M., a Johnstown flood of citrate of magnesia sweeps all before it and leaves

The Liver Cure

the liver to restore itself. This it will do in time, and when reconstructed it will be minus its slums. This is the old-timey, Southern way of removing torpidity. The noise and flood at first scare it into surprising activity. Later it takes as kindly to the treatment as an old horse to a slap with a rein. Then the calomel or chloride of mercury soaks in and puts the green spots on the bones which are referred to elsewhere in this treatise.

The author had been struggling with his rheumatism for over two years when he chanced to meet a doctor whom he knew. The doctor noticed his limp, and volunteered the information that he was curing every case of rheumatism with a pill invented by Professor S——, a lecturer at one of the New York medical colleges. This pill went straight to the liver, and by getting that important organ in order, to

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be played on by one's victuals, the blood and health were put back where they used to be. When such information is supported by such an authority as the distinguished Professor S——, a man is willing to believe that his liver can be made fine enough to strain the tallow out of old kitchen wall paper.

“Brighten up your liver and your pains will leave you,” is the theory of this doctor. The pill constructed after designs by Professor S——, is warranted to put a dazzling brilliancy and perpendicular crease on any livery that looks rusty, or bags. One of the ingredients of this pill is a rare weed, seldom used nowadays in medicine, as its properties are not generally understood, although the ancients used it. The doctor did not say what the ancients used it for, whether to keep ants out of the syrup, or the canary

The Liver Cure

bird from the pip—a liver irregularity in feathered pets manifesting itself in a hidden wart just above the tail. Pip is painful to look at, especially for the bird, because all he can do is to look at it; there is positively no way for him to touch it. Finally he dies, to rest his soul with one good scratch. The pip corner of bird heaven is supplied with scratching brushes.

The powerfully recommended pills prove their power, to every sense. The druggist twists six inches of putty, of the thickness of a slate pencil, and scissors it into half-inch lengths; each length is concealed in a capsule warranted to melt when it reaches a spot where it is safe to leave the contents alone. This concentrated power is swallowed three times daily for one week, at the end of which time twelve pounds had blithely disappeared from that package by which the

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author, his family and friends, had been able to determine his identity. Minus twelve pounds, he felt like anybody else he didn't know, and was so classed by others who formerly knew him. A loss of twelve pounds is a terrible disguise to some people.

The pill is respectfully commended to persons of rotund figure who wish to substitute for the rotunda and dome effects of their architecture, the latest thing in building: the flat-iron construction. A man weighing 317 pounds can, by taking this pill for three weeks, rent or rend off to others the apartments now occupied by 300 pounds of husky him. And as a husker it will appeal to him as the greatest thing in that line. As a peeler it cannot be beaten. That pill can drop weight like a pile driver.

THE HOT SPRING CURE



*Fifteen Minutes in the Tub of Hot Water
is the Course for the First Week.*

THE HOT SPRING CURE.

EVERY railroad has its spring cure. It may be taken hot or cold. The advertising of the springs along any railroad is left to the general passenger agent. He sees to it that the springs are well back in the woods, at a considerable distance from the large cities, so that a stiff fare may be charged. Men with ample vocabularies set forth in the advertising matter full particulars as to the healing in these waters, and they may be taken externally and internally. It is important that the railroad company shall exercise good taste in the selection of a spring. Hundreds are offered every year, and rejected by the general passenger agent, whose experience makes it easy to decide when the water does not taste right. It is said that the Rome, Watertown and Og-

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densburgh branch was not acquired by the New York Central Railroad until a sample of the water from Massena springs, at the far northern end of the line, had been submitted to Mr. George H. Daniels and had caused him to grasp his nose. He accepted statistics to prove that there were always enough of elderly and unused eggs in St. Lawrence county to maintain the strength of the waters.

A railroad must have not only a milk business, but a spring water business to help it out. A new railroad has hard work to get a line of customers into the habit of patronizing its spring, but once the business is established, nothing can stop it, for rheumatics are always benefited by something, and it is thus possible to capture for steady patronage one of the most reliable sets of customers. Look at Saratoga Springs, Arkansas Hot Springs, Poland

The Hot Spring Cure

Springs, Virginia Hot Springs, Mt. Clemens—all little gold mines, and automatic ones at that, for the product pours out with no cost for labor. Thousands of people feel forced to go once a year to some place for complete renovation. Inside and outside scouring, with general overhauling on the part of the attendants, renews the vigor of these sufferers. Some gain weight at it, though others shrink until their once double chins hang in dew-laps and their clothes flap reminiscently. All of which goes to show that an advertised spring is part of a railroad, just as every swallow is part of the spring. The inexperienced rheumatic is unable to connect the two. Such experience must be paid for, and the price is high, but the goods may be had by any customer with cash. A well-known chemist once received a telegram from a Long Island district attorney

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as follows: "Can you tell if a piece of wool is part of a stocking?"

At first the chemist believed that some club friends were playing a joke on him, as he had been poking fun at their gay socks. He was unable to get that incident out of his mind, although he could see no connection between that and the telegram. His impression was that there must be some connection, and he inclined to treat the thing lightly. He knew that the district attorney's name was correct; but everybody who reads the papers knew that. After a few hours cogitation, he decided to take the matter seriously, and sent the following: "Yes; chemically to determine the identity of the dyes, and microscopically to determine the sameness of the fibres and foreign contents."

Next morning two deputy sheriffs appeared at the chemist's New York office

The Hot Spring Cure

with two paper boxes, each carefully wrapped and sealed with wax. In one box was a red woolen stocking which had been worn by a large man. Tufts of the wool were clinging to it here and there. In the other box was a tuft of wool which any witness would be willing to swear had dropped off that particular stocking; at least it resembled the pieces whose immediate connection made it plain that they had sprouted from the original. It seemed such an easy thing to prove, that a district attorney could have gone it alone without the aid of expensive and expert testimony, and have won a conviction. But the little piece of wool, in weight as heavy as a pin feather, was all the evidence he had on which to urge the conviction of a negro charged with assault in the second degree. An old man and his wife had been attacked while in bed by a burglar, whom

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they were unable to recognize in the dark. As soon as the burglar left the room, the old man rushed to the window and called for help. The neighbors responded. The accused negro was shortly afterward arrested on the opposite side of the street. On the following morning a search of the premises revealed the tuft of wool on the front stairway, up and down which the people who had responded to the cries for assistance had passed. A detective who had observed the knit woolen stockings of the prisoner, made the discovery of the tuft. As it was the only thing they could find against the man, they made the most of it.

The chemist put in three hundred dollars' worth of time in the laboratory and on the witness stand, proving that the aniline dyes in both the wool and the small piece were identical. A beautiful color

The Hot Spring Cure

test proved that they could be no other, although the shades of strawberry blondes are no more numerous than are the different reds of aniline. By the microscope, a celebrated specialist in that line, working with the chemist, proved the sameness of the thickness and peculiar character of the fibres in each specimen and also showed that each contained a little foot dandruff, proving that each had been next to the skin of some human being. In testifying, the expert used two words which seldom get out of the dictionary—"desquamatic epithelial cells." They were paying him well, so he wanted to give good measure. These small, dry specimens of man scale would not reveal the burglar's color, however. The testimony was elaborate. When it was all in and the district attorney assumed the air of a winner, the prisoner's counsel calmly arose and said: "We

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admit that the piece of wool is a part of the defendant's stocking." (Cave-in of the district attorney.) "When he heard the cries for help he was among the first to the rescue. As he mounted the front steps one of his shoes pulled off, but he grabbed it up and carried it with him as he ran through the hall and up the front stairs. The piece of wool must have fallen off the stocking as he did so. He put his shoe on when he got to the head of the stairs. As he could be of no assistance he left the house and walked across the street and stood where he was arrested." The prisoner also swore to this and was acquitted in a few minutes.

The attempt to prove that a spring cure is part of a railroad needs no expert testimony. If cornered and accused, the railroad officials prove by their literature and thousands of testimonials from steady

The Hot Spring Cure

rheumatics that they are merely in that sort of thing for humanity's sake. "To do the people, good," is their motto, and the results show that they are living around to it.

When the weary one reaches the Hot Spring it is Lent, the height of society's renovating season. The author thought it best to go before the end of Lent (see title page), for although the Hot Spring literature claims almost everything, it does not advertise to effect a complete resurrection. People who live fast all the year slow down at the Hot Spring during the fast season set apart by church laws, and then they observe Lent, which in French means slow—and in English, fast—a paradoxical word early recognized by Augustus Cæsar, who, when he adopted it in his motto, wished to retain the double meaning in the Latin, and so selected "*Festina*

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Lente": "Make haste slowly." It is awfully easy for a rheumatic to follow this advice, and it is satisfaction to feel that a creeping gait is sanctioned by such authority.

A lot of swell people will be found by the cripple at the Hot Spring, and few of them appear to have reached the last stages. They average as care free as guests at a summer hotel. This is a characteristic of folks who are merely touched by rheumatism. One touch of rheumatism sets the whole world "achin'." It also drives the well-to-do folks to a place where they believe they may be divorced from the unpleasant relationship.

The hotel is a magnificent affair, built at a point commanding a view of a beautiful valley and wooded ridges. The accommodations are first-class, and the price about twice what they charge for the same

The Hot Spring Cure

living at places where they have no subterranean kettle. Any little peculiarity of Nature is good for rheumatism, whether it be hot water or phosphorescent earth, now alleged to contain radium. Chunks of the same dirt have for many years cured the aching backs of Montana miners. Look around the world, to see if you can find Nature doing any queer thing. When you find the queer thing, build a fence around it and set up a sanitarium for rheumatics. There will be "millions in it."

Prior to taking the baths, a doctor must be consulted at five times the price charged for office calls by city physicians. He tells you that bathing will not stop your heart, and he prescribes drinks from two springs to be taken before and after meals. He also checks up the hotel bill of fare, permitting you to eat about everything on it. He tells you to take one bath every day;

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first the "tub" bath for a week, then the "spout" bath for two weeks. One millionaire, who was an annual patron, lolled around in his tub of hot water for half an hour every day. He actually believed that he soaked up the water like a sponge. His "system absorbed it," so he said. There isn't anything a rheumatic doesn't know about his own case. Everything has been told to him, and he remembers most of it.

Fifteen minutes in the tub of hot water, said to be pumped fresh from somewhere down in the earth; a hot sheet, a blanket, a sweat of twenty minutes, massage and an alcohol rub down, is the course for the first week. The patient who has survived so much regular treatment finds it tame, but he is pleased to perspire amid such fashionable surroundings. At no time prior to taking this course had he been done good in such style, limping in to din-

The Hot Spring Cure

ner every evening in a dress suit, and every morning struggling at golf with a descendant of a New York Dutchman who founded some aristocracy by taking a slice of Manhattan when the island was marked at \$23.99. It costs more to get into salsia nowadays and a large wad to stay in. Burns should have inserted another wad:

“O, wad some power, *a wad*, a giftie gie us.”

The spout bath, taken daily during the last two weeks of the course, comes up to the old fashioned treatments. Hence, it is always recommended—probably to boom the business of the only undertaker around the place. When taking this treatment the patient faces a stream of water which squirts from an inch pipe in an upper corner diagonally opposite. The force of the stream is sixteen pounds to the square

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inch. A man is thus literally soaked hard. Mark Twain's character, old Ballou, in "Roughing It," used to complain that the coffee was "too technical for him," and the snow storm was "hydraulic." The spout bath is admittedly hydraulic and it is technical "hydrotherapy," a word respectfully submitted for consideration by the Ballou family. To word dissectors, it reveals the roots "hide," "the," and "rap," and it actually is a series of sixteen pound raps on the hide. Ballou would appreciate the beauty of that word and might apply it to a buffalo skin of any variety or to beating a horse.

"If you don't feel any better when you start for home, you will within two weeks after you get there." In this language the hotel speeds the parting guest, or lets him down easy. There is a good time coming when he gets home. After a year of fail-

The Hot Spring Cure

ure to notice anything, he decides to keep Lent at home in the Spring. He will be as cool there as anywhere, or, if need be, the water can be warmed for less money. Nature's way may be more inspiring, but the old, home way is just as perspiring, and that is all one really gets who follows the advice from the railroad's hanky-panky.

OSTEOPATHY.

OSTEOPATHY.

AT the season when one gives up hope from drugs, some osteopathic literature falls into his hands. The seed falls on prepared ground, and the rheumatic hayseed finds the osteopath likewise prepared. Whenever patent medicines or the seeds of a healing system fall, the harvester is around watching for the dollar crop. At first a man doesn't know this, and he swallows bait right along, no matter how many times he falls off the hook or is thrown back. After a few years he samples medical literature with as trained a mind as Uncle Si's, from Podunk, who can see a gold brick in the most respectable package. Every year, just the same, Uncle Si tries his hand at beating the thimble rigger at the county fair, so the wariest fish may be caught.

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“When drugs fail you, fly to the osteopath. No other treatment is specific for chronic dislocations. It is not severe. It is soothing.” The pamphlet says so. It sounds reasonable. Farther on you read, “Osteopathy is that science of treating diseases of the human body, which regards disease as the product of an obstruction to, or derangement of, nerve force and circulation, and undertakes by manipulation, or by stimulation or inhibition of nerves and nerve centers, to remove the obstruction or correct the derangement, so that Nature may resume her perfect work.”

That sounds well. Evidently the doctors had not given Nature a chance. There was a block somewhere on the line which the osteopath could untangle. Whatever this obstruction was, it was pressing on the nerves. So the next trol-

Osteopathy.

ley car was taken to a part of the town where the osteopaths hold forth. The signs of these healers show that it is customary for man and wife to set up in the business together. The reason for this is found in the nature of the treatment, which puts the subject through a wide variety of contortions. Mrs. Dr. O., therefore, twists the ladies, and Dr. O. shapes up the gentlemen. Thus, self-esteem is preserved without the use of chloroform by both classes of patients.

The osteopath takes five dollars for looking you over, to note such changes as ought to take place in your anatomy to restore you to the Apollo Belvidere that you used to be. In reply to his questions, you allude to the pain in your back and legs, and he finds from twiddling his fingers along your spine that it is still there. He also finds that your joints give way less

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easily than your resolution and your income. You can be mended in three months, by holding two interviews with him a week. The price, in advance, is only thirty-five dollars a month. Pleased with his nerve, you yield your pelf and take a treatment before going home.

First, you are mounted on a leather-covered table, face down. This exposes your undulations to the doctor's fingers, which he proceeds to stick into you, like so many skewers, for every one that goes in seems to stay. The treatment is certainly specific, as advertised, in that it reaches the tender spot. While you were tender before, you are not seeking to imitate the locomotive and be so otherwise. Up and down, in and out, and between the knuckles of your back-bone, this artist pounces, slides and dodges. Occasional side trips are made along what vulgar little

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boys call your slats, spring-board effects being danced on the floating ribs until they sink, never to float again.

"Doctor," you are moved to inquire, "don't you think this business will add to the inflammation?"

"No, sir," he replies. "When I am through with you, your back will be as limber as a string of beads."

The advantage of a string of beads, in lieu of a back-bone, had never been presented before. According to this theory, keep your back limber and you will be happy. The most contented man, therefore, is the contortionist who can eat his dinner from a plate on the floor while he rests easy with his feet one each side of his head. The severity of the Puritans was physiologically traceable to their stiff necks. Wry neck and wry faces go together.

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The doctor announces the theory that by loosening up your vertebra, pressure is decreased on the nerves which radiate from the spinal cord, the trunk line of communication to the brain. Take away this pressure and you take away the pain. No explanation was offered as to why there was more pain after taking than before. Still, why idle around with explanations, when you can have theories?

While osteopathy centers its operations on the spine, it aims to cure things farther away. Corns, for example, report to the brain on a nerve wire entering the spinal trunk line somewhere. Remove the pressure at the intersecting point, and the corn disappears. Why wear corns? Warts may not be painful, but they represent nerve entanglement. The same with pneumonia, fevers, grippe, pleurisy, diabetes, asthma and other heirlooms. The treat-

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ment takes its name from the bones which are played upon. The ossified man would be an ideal subject for these healers. By removing the pressure on his nerves, they would have him gracefully and up to fighting weight. In fact, a perusal of osteopathic literature carries the conviction that the skeleton of the mastodon at the Institute Museum could be covered with flesh by a few months' treatment and enabled to roam again. Given a back-bone to rattle, and the osteopath can restore anything, except money. Few of his kind are bald-headed, because the wife-doctor knows how to clear the nerve passages by which hair nutriment is supplied. It is safe to infer that a bald-headed osteopath is single, and he carelessly neglects to push his third dorsal vertebra to one side by backing up against the door jamb. Consequently, the said vertebra continues to

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pinch the nerves that control the hair capillaries and shuts off their regular meals.

Osteopathy is not only a science but an art, and in this respect resembles pugilism. The fighter must not only locate the jugular and solar plexus, but he must touch them effectively. The osteopath not only has every nerve wire numbered, as the telephone and telegraph companies mark theirs, but he must have the lineman's delicate touch and instinct so necessary to separate them when repairs are needed. To remove stomach ache he gets his pincers on the nerve reporting this condition, and when he has it spliced and insulated, the inner man stops making complaints. A highly developed sense of touch in any healer is desirable, but the osteopath beats them all, in that he touches you for the fee in advance. As an artist he is an im-

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pressionist. Some of his impressions make holes, and others lumps. These intaglio and cameo effects look well on rings or brooches, displaying the family seal. It is better, however, that the coat of arms so executed on papa's back be displayed only when darkest nighthood is in flower. As a daylight spectacle the surface indications of subway construction would awe the timid. A pedigree is all right in its way, but we should refer to it modestly as the naked truth may reveal the bar sinister and other horrifying details.

There is a thing in the East Indies, called the cuscus, that could wind a tail around this subject and live up to its name. The manipulations set up an inward fire after the third or fourth interview, which made it evident that the spine in possession of this contestant would not bead. This inward fire produced quantities of

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obstructing deposits, probably clinkers, which the manipulator's fingers pounded down into a cinder path so that the running became easier for his money. He toyed with the scruff of the neck, getting a butcher's grip there and giving some powerful yanks. This was all right for the Yanker, but the Yankee was not afterwards hilariously doodle dandy to stick a feather in his cap and go riding on a pony; leastwise, not unless the pony was upholstered with feather pillows.

Osteopaths have ideas on germs, also. It might seem that germ obstructions would resist their treatment. A germ is too small for a stumbling block, so they have a neat way of walking around him. They state that the germ theory is more catching than the germ, and they have a "nidus" theory, which they hope will catch on better. "Nidus" is a dull word until the

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bone regulators explain it as a place in the human tissues where the germ finds it comfortable to settle. If, in his wanderings, the germ found no good spot to feed upon, he would die, or go over to your neighbors and wander through their heart galleries, or look for sustenance in their lungs. Remove the nidus and the germ will not develop without it. Minor diseases, like colds, create waste matter which in turn helps to set up a nidus. The germ then arrives. Manipulation restores healthy tissue where the nidus exists, and drives out the germ. Osteopathy, therefore, cuts the ground from beneath the feeding germ flocks and leaves them dead-er than a last year's novel. Of course, art is required to remove the nidus, and you ought, also, to understand Prof. Loeb's nutritional magnetic affinity. That's a pleasant subject to dally with—the court-

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ship of ham and eggs, beef and Boston, crackers and cheese, corned beef and cabbage, pig's knuckles and sauerkraut, potatoes and turnips, brandy and soda, gin and milk, and the other mated foods and drinks. Magnetic affinity holds these institutions together so that we suffer no South Dakota to come between them, in our midst, but rather do they cleave to each other and so to us. Prof. Loeb, in explaining the why and wherefore of all this on the hypothesis of magnetic affinity, has hit an idea that holds good, no matter how you look at it, for, as every hungry man knows, the most magnetic dishes are those that go in pairs, like the homely old corned beef and cabbage; or, like ice cream and clams. What magnetic affinity has put together let no cook put asunder. When it is not put together, it comes asunder easily enough. It may not be apparent

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what the Loeb theory has to do with germs, but osteopathic literature says it must be understood in order to comprehend "katabolic cycles," that hinge on the same subject. Therefore magnetic affinity is herein illuminated, although when it comes to killing the cat with carbolic, we object, and as for cycles, they are out of date.

This school makes a specialty of curing brain fag. It tells weary business men how to straighten up: "Change the circulation to your brain; drain out the veins; retard the entering arterial flow; relieve the excessive presence of this fluid in the brain by freeing up the circulation to the spinal cord, so that there will be a demand for more blood at other nerve centers than the brain; and thus help to repair the break in the rivers of life.***There is salvation in osteopathy when brain fag comes

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on, if the osteopath is all right." No sooner said than done. Draining out the veins and freeing up the circulation to the spinal cord can happen to you with ease and dexterity. Osteopathy reminds one of a whole lot of other science: it is so positive. For example, the scientist says that the carbon in the air is greater than that in all the earth's coal deposits and animal and vegetable life. Hence there is no need to fret about a diminishing coal supply, and if at any time it should disappear along with our meat and vegetables, the human race may wait here, or somewhere, for that air grocery man to renew the provisions and send up another scuttle. This is airy, but no more so than the literature which sets forth so exactly the causes of human ills and the only methods for their removal.

After a time the rheumatic finds that

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rest, not mauling and catapulting, is the thing he needs. He takes three weeks of osteopathy, and spends two weeks in bed to recover from it. The osteopath has failed to soothe, as advertised. He has increased the inflammations at every point, and started up some new ones.

To wrench a figure from oriental poetry, osteopathy is as pretty as a peacock and its song is as sweet as the nightingale's, but in practice its art is as fine as that of the three-legged stool when substituted for the usual comb.

THE STOMACH SPECIALIST

THE STOMACH SPECIALIST.

REMOTE causes for rheumatism are looked for by the patient's doctor after a time. The patient keeps at it so persistently that a specialist takes the next turn—a stomach specialist. A man's physiologic center is his stomach, although he may not look at it that way. The simplest forms of animal life, the protozoa, the learned tell us, are roaming stomachs. So are tramps, and they lead simple lives, too. Babies have been heartlessly referred to as stomachs. At any rate, there is evidence to show that our ancient and honorable race is less ancient than our stomach, for out of it sprang heart, lungs, liver and the sub-surface devices that keep the doctors busy. You are now informed that every disease is remotely caused by digestsional derangement. In order to break the

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endless chain of abnormal action, it is only necessary to unhook one of the links. The assumption is made that the principal organ of digestion should be the point of attack. One blockading car will stop every other car on the line and close the cross streets. As it is hard to get information as to which organ is causing the blockade, each one in turn is found out of order by your specialist, and he practices all the fine points of his art to set his part of the machinery going again.

The stomach specialist is a celebrated German physician. The Germans have done more than any other people in researches through the stomach. They have looked it over with the electric light; they have cut holes in it and peeped in to see how breakfast was digesting, and have afterward cut it out to learn if one could not get along as well without it. Every

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building starts with scaffolding, which may be removed before the work is completed. Animal life began with a stomach—but why retain it? Why not discard what troubles our advanced civilization so much? Vermiform appendices are thrown out by the pailful, from every hospital. We assume that the surgeons will cut as far as they can and still maintain a population to support them. Patent insides for newspapers are an old story. So, from some laboratory, we shall have a workable stomach, with supporting liver, pancreas and other fitments warranted to give good service with a minimum consumption of fuel and an insignificant expense for repairs. A man who thus becomes his own automobile will have no use for devil wagons or flying machines. He will actually sleep in his seven-league boots, and may arise in the night and whiz to Coney

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Island just to aerate his blood, and leave his insomnia.

Yes, the German doctor is a great investigator. He finds that your stomach has dropped four inches southwest of its original site and is hiding your gall. Here, then, is the reason for your modesty, so apparent, lately, to your friends. Some of them had mistaken it for the blues, but really it was only a suppression of gall. So much of importance is observed by a superficial examination. Then the doctor looks wise and says: "I tink I vill vash it owid."

Washing out is a process which reminds the bystander of a chicken swallowing a string. Any one who has seen a hen with half a yard of twine safely rolled in her gizzard, still gulping to get the remaining two yards in, obtains a fair notion of the first step in this treatment.

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The patient was examined one morning before breakfast. When it was resolved to wash it out, the inner man was craving oatmeal. None of that was allowed, but instead, a simple meal consisting of one cracker and a glass of water was prescribed. The specialist did not give meals, so the patient had to go home for his cracker. One half hour after eating, it was agreed he should be washed out. Another applicant having sandwiched himself in, the deponent was compelled to wait another half hour for the operations. Here are the operations: A rubber tube three feet long and half an inch thick is introduced into the throat. The specialist finds that he cannot cram it down, and the washee coughs most inconsiderately. The coughs start in the stomach and follow one another fast. They loosen the saliva which Nature had intended for the patient's use,

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the week after next. This disturbance is due, as the family physician, who is present, privately explains, to a slight error made by the specialist who has inserted the tube into the lungs, mistaking them for the cracker. Poking around in the dark that way, it is not always easy for the specialist to make a proper stab. The mistake is rectified, however, if the patient coughs up his bronchial tubes. A trick which fools the Adam's apple into uncovering the proper hole is to make the patient cough before the tube is inserted. When that is done the red rubber snake is pushed down the main corridor. No such swallow had ever passed that way before, and there was a muscular protest. But the snake would not push out, because a strong arm had it by the tail. By a reflex action, the muscles then undertook to compromise by pushing the victim's eyes out and ring-

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three sixes for the blood supply to hurry north for emergency work.

“Yawp—Ya—wp—Yawpee! Geerup—Garp—Groolk”! It is absurd to talk that way, but these volapuk phrases are familiar to all nationalities, including hens.

For a long time science could not get that snake to the bottom. At three inches from the end of the tunnel, he would stub his head and curl up for a nap. The doctor would then have to save the patient from apoplexy, by turning him upside down so as to make a siphon out of him. Choking at this point originates in the heels, and would result in a complete inside out turn, were it not for the stoppage at the upper end. This sort of thing happens three or four times with different sizes of tube selected from a stock which includes a fit for every man, woman and child, and a series of fits for each.

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Finally a tube with a heavy sinker is found, and it strikes bottom but fails to get a bite. The two bites of cracker refuse to reassemble and return. After a consultation, during which the stomach tries to make a meal from the end of the tube, it is decided that the cracker must have been digested. Therefore, another trip home and another cracker become necessary, that science may make her perfect test. This time the specimen responds, just three seconds before the victim is gagged to death.

“He needs more hydrochloric acid,” is the verdict.

Now, as hydrochloric acid is almost dirt cheap, the patient is displeased with himself and all those who have treated him for failing to note the lack of such a matter. Of course, he can not be well without hydrochloric acid, because food can not be

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digested without it; hence automatic poisoning has occurred. To remedy this, the acid is taken as prescribed—until it is learned, from another German authority who has written a big book on the subject, that healthy people get along without it and it is not needed.

The next thing is to wash out with plenty of water, and send a man down with a light to investigate. Once more the tube is sunk, but it can not be lost because its outer end is fastened to a glass funnel too large to eat and filled with a quart of water. The doctor holds the funnel, and all the victim has to do is to hold the tube between his teeth so that he can not push it back. The inner man resents washing as earnestly as Parched Peters and Tumid Timothy ever did. The doctor lifts the funnel into the air and the brooklet cascades merrily into the reservoir. The vic-

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tim is then put through a rinsing motion; he is whirled about with a jiggling jerk a dozen times, then deftly turned up after the manner of Aunt Maria rinsing a milk pail. The turning up removes the suds, and now the subject may be illuminated without fear of an explosion. The light is an incandescent lamp, of the diameter of the tube, and fits snug. The current is carried by a wire which runs inside the tube. When this instrument goes in, the doctor drags his victim to a dark room and lights him up. A man with a chandelier in him matches the glow worm in his soft radiance. He becomes phosphorescent, north, south, east and west, with the frequency and elusiveness of a search light. The common though technical expression, "search me," doubtless, originated in this operation. For the first time the secrets of the uttermost parts of the

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cavern are revealed—but to the light only.

The doctor hesitates to remove the outer partition, and so contents himself with watching the shadows as they dance over the wall. High professional skill is required to read these shadowgraphs. A layman might discern a Roman-nosed silhouette lurking on the edge of the exhibition, but the doctor identifies it as a gall irregularity. The layman's diagnosis can not easily be stated with his throat full of rubber, but if there is a Gaul invasion, the Romans are out shadowing them. Important information is obtained as to the size and place of the illuminated organ, and while it is possible for a man to live for years without this data, he will cherish its possession when once obtained. Men of light and leading are in demand. If the leading qualities are lacking, compen-

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sation is found in the light, which was the first thing ordered at Creation. Let there be light and plenty of it, on all subjects, particularly on those instruments that are used in "government under a blanket." Let the light shine at every dark corner. The X-rays will not serve, for they eliminate the fleshy views and display only bones.

The German investigators are entitled to great credit for putting us through so much training. At first, the German purpose may not be clear. A German who attempted to explain that he would soon be able to pay a bill, said: "My vife vill now eat a man, und ve vill haf a leedle more money." Actually the lady did not intend to eat the goose that would lay the golden egg. He was to be her boarder. As we come to understand the Germans we see that they are doing us good. Beside

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pumps and lights they will soon be running other useful things into us, and among their contemplations is a battery. With the stomach half full of water, a German electrician says the side walls may be contracted or otherwise agitated. If the stomach had remained true to its instincts it would not now be urged to digest batteries and electric lights. It would not have to be flooded, drained and illuminated for the entertainment of strangers. The stomach used to be limited to its capacity; but it allowed itself to be stretched at banquets, and to-day, civilized man is cursed by an elasticity induced by forefathers for whom he is in no way responsible. What is wanted is a resolute stomach, one that does not yield, one that vetoes and returns any food which is against the constitution, or for which there is no gastric appropriation. The pal-

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ate is forever playing politics with the inner man, passing down to him a lot of old bills, in the form of bilious food, which should never have passed the House. But if you are company you have to take what the house gives you, and for policy's sake some food matters are adopted and the responsibility placed inside.

Even stomachs are human and break under a strain, as they have none at hand to unload their work upon. A man of executive ability is the fellow who scatters his job among others, so that he can keep busy with the important matters: reading the newspapers, going up and down in the elevator, conversing with visitors and doing those things which society expects of genius. An executive position is an active form of loafing, which produces all the motions of work and none of its fatigue. The human

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stomach is hedged by circumstances which make it impossible to assign its work to the liver and spleen. It must do its best with what is hurled into it at the quick lunch counters. The recompense is not so quick, but when it comes, the German doctor steps in, and after using his apparatus makes a charge which covers the cost of the equipment and a few years' interest on the original investment. Then you learn all about the methods of treatment, and for results must seek information from the testimonials of those who have been there before you.

THE PENETRATIVE UNGUENT
CURE

THE PENETRATIVE UNGUENT CURE.

A HEALER, who loomed in a neighboring community as a moral sky-scraper, invented a system of rubbing strong smelling stuff into rheumatics. That man did good wherever he went, and his lofty character, benevolent purposes and kindly interest in humanity made for him thousands of friends, and customers. He could have sold dry goods with equal success or could have made a fortune in the circus business. Put him anywhere selling goods, or letting the people into a good thing, and he would convince all that they were pleased and interested, while his bank balance would show that his interest was no less. Take a man with the bunco steerer's simple ways and saturate him with morality

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and the combination is great as a money maker. Naturally such a man turns to curing rheumatism—now more of an American institution than Liberty or Nervous Prostration.

Unguent is a word which must be bitten in two and whistled before uttered. It means ointment, but sounds a little stronger, suggesting something that stings to a blister, sings the nostrils, and brings onion tears. The “un” in this hot word sounds the same as that in the first syllable of “onion,” and the root of the onion is known to produce tears without corresponding emotion, the same as the other ‘un.

To seek this specialist the victim takes a train. He finds the doctor at home, but extremely busy, and must wait his turn for an interview. The scheme of rubbing it in is seen to be a good one. The patients

The Penetrative Unguent Cure

who fill the office have called only to arrange for the treatment, which is given at home by the doctor's assistants. Hence, he can, in one day, transact a thousand dollars' worth of business by planning work to be carried on outside by his rubbers. The profits of the general practitioner, who makes a living from his personal efforts, are insignificant as compared to the revenues of this excellent business man. Scores of rubbers are kept rubbing. The doctor merely starts the work, and it may continue for months without his attention.

This expert finds that the author must take the treatment for "a long time." How long? He can't say, but it will surely effect a cure, if persisted in. The treatment is explained briefly: The doctor supplies his ointment for five dollars a dozen boxes, and the services of an ex-

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perienced man to rub in this stuff cost two dollars per treatment. There ought to be a treatment every day. Sometimes, the doctor says, as many as six boxes can be rubbed in at once, but three boxes are usually all that a man can absorb in two hours, that being the limit set on the victim's endurance. The doctor furnishes, free of charge, a book containing several hundred testimonials. These were chosen for publication to encourage such as might fail to absorb a thousand boxes, for the burden of the song is: "Keep at it a little longer."

The testimonial letter which comes attached to every such cure, and every bottle of patent medicine, is from Mrs. Mary Sankey, of Sankeyville, who took "six bottles and is now entirely cured" of a pain which neither of the two doctors in her town could reach. "It has cured father's

The Penetrative Unguent Cure

bunions and mother's headache, both due to bad blood in the family." "My husband was unable to work last winter when he first heard of your celebrated remedy. As soon as summer came he was able to be night watchman again." "Our little Freddy, aged six years, was cured of the croup caused by falling in the cold well. He had taken one bottle in advance and did not kick the bucket. How can we thank you?" "Severe pains in the shoulder made it necessary for me to give up housekeeping and go to boarding. One bottle of your famous remedy has cured me." These are positive proofs. Wood cuts showing the improved complexions of the mayor of Sinkertown and the chief of police of Jayville, make the advertising more convincing, and thus do these distinguished Americans flash forth in the metropolitan papers on alternate days for one month at fifty

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cents per agate line, top of column next to reading matter. Many a man has died in agony for his country and received his proportionate share of glory in a hundred and fifty dollar drab, cast iron, soldiers' monument erected to cover him and two hundred other missing townsmen. Not so with the stomach-ache heroes of Sinkertown and Jayville. For them a fame of several million circulation is provided, and all because too much pie induced them to try the famous dyspepsia cure. Had a hot brick been applied instead, they would have griped unseen, but now the pictures of their distress bring forth the tears of thousands of sympathizing countrymen—mostly from such as are pretty far back in the country. People who do not appreciate these portraits do not understand human nature from the patent medicine maker's point of view. Folks who make

The Penetrative Unguent Cure

the stuff for a dollar a barrel and sell it for a dollar a bottle understand, and are not throwing money away. They are certain that a paying percentage of readers will do that, and will throw it in their direction. Many a little drug lets its maker live happy and die snug.

When the rubber arrives at the house he unfolds a stack of old newspapers over the bed and around the floor. He also calls for two dozen towels, as he explains it, "to tuck in around and catch the drip." This form of horse play must be taken bare back, like some of the other inventions described in this medical work. Stretched on the crinkling newspapers, with as complete a degree of elongation as he can achieve, the victim is prepared. The attendant empties one of the boxes between the shoulder blades, then adjusts a set of rubber finger tips to insulate his fingers

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and save them from destruction. There being no insulation between the shoulder blades, the ointment bores a hole into the lungs, melts and runs down grade in blistering streams, with a divide at the spine. The heat is referred to, explosively, in a monosyllable, and the rubber fingers then set to work to daub the trouble over a wider surface. The hole is patched, and the over-running streams dammed, with drip towels. Presently another box full is slapped on. This is the mud pie phase of rheumatic fuddling. The system may have been sired by a Mormon, as it is dammed by so many others.

A voice from the kitchen calls up the speaking tube to the third story front room: "Please, sorr, they do be some quare shmell down here—cud the house be afire, sorr."

"No, that's all right, Bridget. I am

The Penetrative Unguent Cure

taking a new cure for rheumatism. It's a terrible smeller. Put a cork in your end of the tube. Let the cat out before he chokes to death."

Every substance that evaporates from a can when the lid is off was in the unguent, so that fifty per cent. of that which was bought as a solid, floated off in the air, and the other fifty was wiped up on the towels and newspapers. None of it got inside, except what had eaten into the lung. It dried out but not in.

"On what date shall I come again," asks the rubber, when he has completely wiped up the contents of the third can. Dates to that man are the fruit of life, and he stands ready to shin up any tree that puts forth that kind. It was cruel to cast any reflections on his system of doing people good, but the victim in this case asked the inquiring gentleman to take this note to

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his superior—the doctor who conceived the idea:

Dear Dr. ———

Three boxes of your powerful ointment have been liberated in my house this evening. Half of it is floating outdoors and the rest has been collected on the towels and thrown out. You have certainly done me good. You found fault with the acidity of my blood, but I am no longer an ass. One treatment has removed that trouble. Please add this letter to your bunch of testimonials, as my contribution to suffering humanity in which we are both so much interested.

Yours for cash,

As time moves on, the rheumatic does not, but he becomes as full of knowledge as a library on the subject which commands his attention, and he has always a kind word for the doctor who increased his wisdom by rubbing it in for such a low price.

HANGED BY THE ORTHOPEDIC
SURGEON

HANGED BY THE ORTHOPEDIC SURGEON.

THE turtle travels with his bony part to the fore, and does as well as the French under the same circumstances until the nations combine and put him in the soup—his Waterloo, to be sure, for it is nearly all water in lieu of turtle. The German cooks are opposed to “The Wearing of the Green,” and if any of the green wears off from a turtle of that hue, as it is permitted to walk through the pot, the coloring is promptly scooped out. Mock turtle soup may be had at any hotel, and the mockery includes sections of real turtle shell in every dish. These are imperishable and might be used over and over, except for a slight loss in these fixtures when a patron chokes to death or

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one of the jagged chunks, and the coroner neglects to return it, as requested.

The orthopedic surgeon supplies turtle shells to all crooks seeking a straight tip. A man who has been stuck on his shape leaves the orthopedic surgeon so transformed that his shape is actually stuck on him.

At about the time when a rheumatic begins to bend over and walk like a right-angle, a crooked way of being a square, —he is taken to the orthopedic man whose business is to break all such people and solder them together again, straight. Picking a bone is nothing to this surgeon; he leaves mere carving to the saw-bones and contents himself with the simpler pleasures of the dry process. This crack-ing up a man does not fill the man with any large sense of his own importance. The conditions are such that he must hang

Hanged by the Orthopedic Surgeon

his head—not with shame, to be sure, but with a halter. This appliance is of leather, and is provided with pulleys and ropes. While strung up in the air with the rope around his neck, the patient gets a better stretch than any that goes with a yawn. It is a continuous stretch which gradually removes his curves and his kinks. Even his inward wrinkles disappear. After one hour of this it is admitted that hanging is none too good, and as a way of making the crooked straight, it is better than the electric treatment they give to the crooked at Sing Sing.

When the dry surgeon is satisfied with his sculpture he begins work to preserve it, by building around it a turtle shell of masonry, warranted not to give or crack. The rind ought to be formed with reference to dinner, a variable quantity, which at stated times changes the curvature

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of the specimen's grand central depot. Proper allowance must be made for this, otherwise a square meal will cause the shell to burst. The doctor has had so many shells and hopes shattered, that he is careful to measure the bulge of a man's appetite before closing him in. When he has the measure he bunches a wad of cotton, approximating the size of the dinner, and that is fastened over the epigastrium with a release string which hangs below the belt line. Osseous promontories are eased with padding, and the plastering begins. The plaster is not put on with a trowel and smoothed off with a board, as masons make a ceiling. In this process the plaster of paris is spread lightly over cotton strips six inches wide and fifteen feet long. The strips are then rolled up with the plaster inside, like jelly rolls. Before applying, the doctor souses a roll in warm

Hanged by the Orthopedic Surgeon

water. When thoroughly soaked it is ready to be wound around and around the ribs, which are covered with an elastic shirting and stand out like lath awaiting the plasterer. Roll after roll is pulled tight, over dinner pad and all, until the candidate is enveloped in five pounds of plaster shirt. A neat finish is given by pulling the shirting over the outside, when the rough edges have been trimmed off and the mass toughens into armor plate. Nothing could be closer to a man than that shirt, next to his kin.

The dinner pad is now removed by jerking the string from below, and along with it comes the end of another string that has been trailed in from above, for permanent use as a "scratcher." This is the most sociable yard of string found in all of life's long journey. When worked up and down, it yields its tickling comfort to the im-

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prisoned back, and is welcomed in those corners of the architecture which, at the end of a hard day, are craving sand paper. The old horse never rolls in the meadow with more contentment than the patient feels who jiggles a scratcher where it does the most good. A man who is not satisfied with his surroundings will rest content if a scratcher separates him from them. Relief is always at hand. This is true even when a bug is adjacent.

With the dinner pad removed, a cup-like cavity remains to mark its site. Up to the capacity of that cavity and no farther may a man eat, and it is a better guage than a waistband. An even pressure on the dome is notice to your friends that you will not dine with them that evening.

For two days the shirt remains soaking wet. Recollections of old swimming days,

Hanged by the Orthopedic Surgeon

when towels were unheard of, come to mind, but the moisture in the shirt clings with greater persistency. A wet sheet is the sailor's delight, and a shirt which weeps for two days is clammy enough to suit any lover of shell fish. On the third day the shell is only dewy damp, and the humidity disappears soon after. At the end of the third month the victim carries his false chest with the grace of a turtle and is as unconcerned about it as any old gentleman is over his false teeth, until a slap on the back reveals the imitation. It is when flat on his back that the human turtle loses most of his grace. When he wants to turn over he understands the trials of the crawlers that claw for a hold on something, if an unlucky tumble lands them earth-side skywards.

The saddest bereavement that befalls a man in a shell is to lose his scratcher. This

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appendix is digging pleasantly into the sacro-iliac prominences northeast of the coccyx. An extra tug is given: the comforter parts and the upper end flies up beyond reach. There is nothing for it but to pull the remnant through, as neither hand, paper cutter, nor poker will reach the sacro-iliac. Home without a mother is no more desolate than that sub-shell area thus abandoned. To replace the string seems impossible. A thread with a fish line sinker wedges at the shoulder blades if dropped behind, or if at any other point the thing snuggles sideways between the ribs. It appears to be time to build a new shell, and although such a method seems like building a house around a speaking tube, it is cheap in the end. If a man is to be buried in sections, he wants to enjoy himself between joints till his wings sprout and waft him to new delights. Imagine



When Drugs fail you, fly to the Osteopath.

Hanged by the Orthopedic Surgeon

an armless man covered with mosquito bites. The joy of fondling his lumps is denied, and the aggravation is therefore ten times as keen. But after several hundred trials with the sinker, success is achieved and contentment reigns.

Whistling "Saw My Leg Off," the doctor merrily removed the exterior construction one day with a meat saw. The teeth gnawed into the plaster and cotton, and scraped, tore, and snorted as if a butcher was making his way through a hip bone. All the vibratory sensations of being sawed up alive were experienced without a scratch.

No chicken ever picks its way more vigorously out of the shell than the patient does who wriggles forth after his three months' imprisonment in plaster. Life seems to be all vacation. He thinks of the soft crab and agrees that it is better to be

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a shedder than a hard shell, of any denomination.

The orthopedic surgeon knows nothing about inward complications and cares less. He confines his operations to the frame work: something he can get hold of; and his fun is not all in pulling a man's leg. In making repairs, he says, on the upper bone of the arm he generally finds the "humerus"—a poor way he has of spelling the funny bone..

CATAPHORESIS

CATAPHORESIS.

VERY early the human race took a dislike to high temperatures.

Probably as far back as 5,965,483 B. C. some paradoxidid bug took a position which affected Calvinism later; although the territory credited with top heat is no longer patronized by the best people. Those less exclusive are undoubtedly there to stay, and if they tried cataphoresis while alive, they must feel grateful and comfortable now. Cataphoresis is the official name for one of the cosy corners of Hades. Electricity is heat guised as a commercial traveler. It goes a long distance in that form, it does a big business when it arrives, and it forces a customer to take the goods. But in all its forms, the scientists tell us that heat is the same old thing, a lively state of motion;

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and when there is enough of it, all agree it's hell.

Most of the resources of heaven and earth have been exhausted in seeking cures for rheumatism, so the proper thing now is to hunt through the other place. As fast as these things can be passed up to us, we try them, and pass down comments which will be understood in the home of the inventors. One of the first products designed for the discomfort of rheumatics was a combination of plain heat and electricity. Experimentally this had been used to singe cats, and it had been found just the thing to stiffen the subject in any statuesque pose desired by the taxidermist. The heat did the posing, by putting the pet through a wide range of commotions, and the electricity was quick enough to do the rest. As it is not humane to treat cats in that way, this devilment

Cataphoresis

was garnished with a lot of machinery, which has the effect of imparting scientific dignity, and technical advertising matter was scattered among the sufferers who had been keyed to a point of endurance where they could stand a little more without calling the police.

The doctor who deals in this line of hot air and ammonia is filled with his subject, and passes out the information that he can't help curing people. It is a simple matter, he says, if the patient only sticks to it. There is nothing easier to stick to, for when once joined to it, by the Siamese steam pipe and liver pad, it clings as if it grew where it is, and sends its roots around all the knees and collar bones and cross-pieces there are, to fasten to. The surface section is the smallest part of the thing. It creates just such a feeling as a whale might have if a devil fish bored a

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hole into her back and twisted his eight legs around her corsets, keeping one eye at the hole through which he had come, to prevent leaks and the entrance of any little devils that might otherwise fall in. All the trouble is then ramifying through the inside, while only an eye winker flickers at the exterior. The victim accepts a towel, or a fig leaf, and is stretched over a table with back exposed and face and arms dangling over. Numbers of sizzling copper pipes are within reach of the doctor. Two dozen flannel pads are soaked in a mixture of paint, oil, varnish, iodine, ammonia, chloroform and cheese. This causes an air, of business, to pervade the premises, for every factory is prosperous in its own fragrance. The flannels are applied at the hollows in the back and neck. The idea now is to transfer the medication to the interior of the patient and make him

Cataphoresis

as strong as the surrounding atmosphere. If it really got in there a man wouldn't air out in three months, and the chances are he would have to enter the drug or delicatessen business, to disguise certain obvious circumstances amid congenial surroundings, where all the blame would not fall on him.

Over the dripping flannels the doctor places a tin derby, which may belong to a political campaign uniform. This glistening object contains a steam coil and one pole of a battery; the other pole is smuggled into the blankets at the neck. The contents of a boiler plant and a thousand gallons of electric fluid are thrown on and in for the purpose of forcing the dose to the desired spot. The doctor says it sometimes beads out on a man's under surface, proving that it must go in if it goes through. The electricity grips the victim

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in all sorts of places, and the steam coil confers blisters. They call this kind of soaking osmosis. It is a passing of gases and liquids through a membrane, which at the same time is too tight to be a filter. A man who was trying to rob the gas company made the discovery. He inserted a tap on the street side of the meter, and filled a dozen or so of ox bladders with the company's goods without so much as a single tick being recorded for charge on the bill. It was the idea of this genius to put one of the inflated bladders in a lamp which he had invented, and by applying a weight to the top he hoped to keep a flame going at the burner.

Of course such a device has advantages if it works; it can be carried around the house and is cheaper than buying gas. But osmosis set in. Something new in nature was ready to be discovered, and

Cataphoresis

was. The gas left the bladder and air floated in, although there were no leaks. The other eleven bags acted in the same way. The gentleman expounded his theory before a learned society and earned the endearing name of Gas Bags.

Acting on the idea that a man is a combination of thin tissues, cataphoresis has been invented and its machinery is added to open up the pores and literally fire stuff through them, before the lids close. The sediment collects on the outside, but the gas is supposed to work in and fumigate. The only noticeable effect of the treatment is a large blister, and a desire to stand up unless accompanied by an air cushion guaranteed to furnish a large area of low pressure.

STATIC ELECTRICITY.

STATIC ELECTRICITY.

STATIC or frictional electricity does not accomplish much, except to make a man jump. When it comes as a streak of lightning, the celestial form of this trouble may make a man jump into kingdom come. Commercially the stuff cannot be used, and its by-products, or industrial chaff, must be employed for medicine. Hence it is good enough to stuff rheumatics with, and thousands of them take to it, like sparrows to bread crumbs. Several things may be done with any useless material: it may be put into cereal coffee, with the other mill sweepings; it may be converted into breakfast food and named "Fuss;" it may be put into mattresses and advertised as superior to No. 1 curled hair; it may be ground up as a ready-to-use paint; it may be shaped

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into a dozen different things, except when it is in such an intangible form as static electricity. In that case it must be used to cure something. As a gain its possibilities are far reaching, even though it reaches no farther than the people who make a living by it.

Static electricity is supposed to brace up the nervous system, after doubling it up completely. A man who took it advised the author that it acted like a smoothing iron in taking wrinkles out of him. His rheumatic irritability had been removed by it, and peaceful ways and views of life were substituted therefor. This gentleman was a chance acquaintance—very chance—in fact, chance was his business. He helped to run a New York pool room, and the calm which fell upon him after a Tammany victory he credited to static electricity. When a pool room man's

Static Electricity

nerves are out of order, a change of administration works wonders, though it may not get all the credit that is coming to it. As a nerve tonic to a large class of New Yorkers there is nothing like such a change.

The doctor who administers static electricity keeps his machinery in a small private office, and this is important, for although the stuff is useless for commercial purposes, it has a by-product, ozone; hence the small office, in order to confine as much as possible of the ozone which might otherwise escape conversion into cash.

The electrical machine is the familiar affair with revolving glass discs, which generate the fluid that is taken up by metal combs and transmitted into and out of the subject. The patient need not remove even a collar button to take this course,

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unless the objective point is a bunion; then it will do if he will take off his shoe. Seated on a table that has glass legs, and with the doctor dancing before him, waving a wand of crackling fire, the rheumatic is as happy as any man can be when a hundred needle points are stitching in and out of him with the rapidity of a sweat-shop machine that turns out one hundred and forty-four ten dollar suits in twenty-four hours. The glass legs insulate the table and keep the patient full of fluid until the professor draws it out with the other handle of the machine. When filled with electricity, a man feels as usual except that his hair stands up and he has goose-flesh wherever he has hair. If he resembles the gorilla his whiskers will surge toward the empyrean; he will feel as if his skin was bulging off; on the other hand, indeed, in the palms of both

Static Electricity

hands, as well as on his bald head, he will be at ease. Comfort is contingent upon hair. Get a clean shave before taking.

The startling and unexpected effects are produced when the professor "draws it out." When he lets it stay in, no fault is to be found with it. But drawing it out does the business. The professor points the other handle anywhere within ten inches of his prey. A thousand times quicker than at once, a bolt of lightning emerges from the prey's midst. The professor says it is "coming off the surface." How in thunder, to say nothing of lightning, anything skimmed off a man's outside can bore such holes in him at the same time is a mystery. A ten-inch spark is pulled out of each corner, and from all points lying within these boundaries. A sudden crash seems to tear off all a man's buttons and he just knows that his shirt

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is fraying into kite tails. It is all prickle, noise and fire, however. Although badly pasted, the shirt studs look as well as when mined on the banks of the Rhine, and as for the shirt, an examination shows that its condition is due to its having been to the laundry where they use the mangle. Not even a button changes its base or is lofted toward another hole. All the decorative effects of lightning go with this treatment, and the victim who is sure that he has been shocked into paralysis is happily disappointed. Still, fifteen minutes' worth of this exercise convinces him that rheumatism can not be shocked out by any strength of lightning short of the natural product or that furnished to preferred boarders at Sing Sing. He continues to take it three times a week, for several weeks, just to be convinced.

While these homœopathic thunderbolts

Static Electricity

are being drawn from the sufferer's bones, the revolutions of the electrical machine are making ozone. That is a word which we find in literature. It also entices summer boarders from their happy homes in town. Ozone is a sort of concentrated oxygen. It reddens even the blood of blue bloods. Ozone is O^3 , while oxygen is just O . Therefore ozone makes three times as much blood paint as the unshocked oxygen. The privilege of breathing ozone, instead of air, is sold with the rest of the goods. When you catch a whiff of it, it smells as fresh as new paint, and a city man can stand it for a little while without craving the usual odors which, every day in the year, constitute his atmosphere. The professor says hundreds of patients come to his office only to breathe the ozone. It is good for the blood, consequently it ought to be good for every part of a man. It is

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good for the doctor, for a dollar's worth of ozone is two cents worth of manufactured air. The cost of production is lowered when ten people sit gulping the product of the machine at a dollar a head; then the cost of production is 1-5 of a cent per capita, or two mills. The mills of the gods grind exceeding fine, but if any pagan god or any modern manufacturer can grind his mills so fine as to furnish less than two mill's worth of goods for one dollar, we shall hear him kicking before the committee on ways and means against reducing the tariff on air stuffs, in which he is interested, and read his interviews on the prevailing high prices of raw materials. Liquid air, of course, comes high, as it contains several thousand atoms of oxygen to the drop. But when the oxygen is squeezed only into bunches of three atoms, the business offers

Static Electricity

margin enough to satisfy most business men. Only spring water bottlers can beat such a margin.

Following the spark tickling and the ozone inflation, the vibrator is applied. Most people are familiar with the burr wheel which the dentist inserts into an aching tooth to do it good. It turns on its base some two million times a second and bores a warm bed for itself in the victim's tooth, or jaw, or wherever it may pursue the even ten or twelve dollars worth of its way. The vibrator is little different. It consists of a smooth hard rubber sphere, one-half inch in diameter. This is swiftly revolved by a small electric motor. The professor runs this dimpling device up and down a man's back, over the ridges, into the gullies and across the desert, dwelling lightly on the dessert, as such matters are too serious for inquisitive rubbering on the

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part of strangers. To a revolving sphere a man's stomach is even more tender than his heart. The epigastrium will stand for no other sphere than the high ball, even though that may have revolving tendencies at times.

Doctors sit up nights and work on Sundays and during vacations, to think up these mortifying inventions. No sooner had the dentist secured his burr wheel, than an experienced criminal applied it to rheumatism. Vibrations of sound and thought are among the advanced discoveries of the day, but why vibrate a rheumatic? Even Shakers have rheumatism. It is plainly not a disease that can be shaken after taking.

CONSULTING SURGEONS AND
PHYSICIANS.

CONSULTING SURGEONS AND PHYSICIANS.

WHEN the doctor is stuck he thinks you should consult the celebrated Dr. Scalpeur, head surgeon at one of the great New York hospitals. Dr. Scalpeur can tell where to insert the knife and just what he can dig out, merely by being told what the symptoms are; but, of course, it is better for him to come to the house. The price is one dollar a minute from the time he leaves his office until he returns, and includes a five-minute recess at the patient's bedside. In two of the five minutes the learned man hears what the attending physician has to say, and in two minutes more he approves all that has been done. The rest of the time is spent in a friendly chat, while pull-

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ing at one of the patient's perfectos. It has taken this great surgeon forty years to learn how to do business so quick. To get the information which enables him to handle your case so amiably, he has sliced up several thousand people. A touch as delicate as his can have been acquired only by playing on all the human organs. Such nerves as ramify into the pocket and bank account are important, and must be carefully treated. Among your symptoms are some gilt framed lithographs in the parlor. He notices these and mistakes them for oil paintings worth \$10,000. The inventory, for insurance purposes, carries them at \$11.98, the department store price for the frames, no mention being made of the pictures. This error on his part comes high on yours, but it is flattering. And no fault should be found, as it is proper that those people who boast of lithographs

Consulting Surgeons and Physicians

should help to bear the expense of lithotomy for those unfortunates whose chief interest in art is the part they take when posing as a subject on which the surgeon may practice his. All of us can not be models; not all have concealed in their cavities the treasures which the surgeon is boring after, and wants to bottle for professional admiration. Therefore, one dollar per minute for fifty minutes is really a contribution to the doctor's campaign fund, earned in doing others good for our benefit. We pay the doctor only, as the models in the case are not signing receipts any more. They are consulting as to whether it might not have been cheaper to pawn something and pay the doctor, rather than do so well for humanity and so otherwise for themselves. But such complaints are heard only from those in the flesh. Their more gifted associates

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have secured permanent engagements to play on the harp.

The great surgeon finds that he cannot cut the pain out, and is of the opinion that it may be removed if the advice of Dr. Phelam, the celebrated diagnostician, be secured. Dr. P. is the man who is found at the death bed of all celebrated persons. His fee for attendance on such occasions is usually \$5,000, and for that he will sign twelve bulletins. To get his price down anywhere near one dollar a minute you must call at his office and die there. To have him call at the house means a second mortgage. At the office Dr. P. is pleased to confirm all that your physician has done, and to assure you that you will recover in time, if unforeseen complications do not arise, as they always keep on doing. He does not bother to make a close examination, as he can tell by looking at your

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clothes what you probably paid for the suit, and that multiplied by two is his formula for arriving at the charge to be made in ordinary cases, where it is not necessary for him to leave the chair. A case involving such extraordinary effort would lead to a slight change in the formula. Three would be substituted for two before proceeding with the multiplication.

A great diagnostician like Dr. Phelam is a man who can look a patient over and by putting this and that together, can figure out any disease named in the books. A sick man reading any kind of a medical work, written in fair English, can do the same thing and fit on a case of scarlet fever, small pox, jaundice, a complication of all three, or whatever he may be reading about. But Dr. P. established a reputation twenty-five years ago, and he has made a fine living from it since, by pass-

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ing remarks on such people as pay for a pass. Any man without a diploma and a reputation like Dr. P.'s would get ten years for speaking of a man behind his bare back as a "pretty scaly specimen," "a bad case of janders," "he has more gall than a codfish or a yellow journal," "he's a mean looking skin, and if any act of Providence or medicine should cause his complexion to fall off it may not be re-peeled."

From a single scale Agassiz could draw a complete inside and outside picture of the fish it came from. At least that yarn has gone for many years. If properly scaled the great diagnostician can do the same thing. Bring him a nail and he will show you nearly all the feet—three quarters positively, for he will be sure of reaching the f e e—and in a case of rheumatism he will advise omitting the tea.

Consulting Surgeons and Physicians

What is wanted in this world is more consultation. People who go it alone deserve the fate to which rashness leads them. Certain men need to be set apart in a quiet place where their wisdom can be cultivated with all the modern improvements known in the arts of making things grow. Under the present arrangement every man swears by his own mental fertilizer and system of grafting. Consequently there is too great a variety of wisdom; a good deal of it is hurried to market before it is ripe, and if it is swallowed, other complications arise. When all the consulting doctors agree, the case is ready for the undertaker.

HOMŒOPATHY.

HOMŒOPATHY.

HOMŒOPATHY lies mid-way between matter and mind. It is the turning point in a rheumatic journey from the drugging of the regular school of medicine, toward metaphysics, clairvoyance, Alexander Dowie, and other supernatural systems. *Similia similibus curantur* is the homœopathic doctrine in a dead language capsule. This means "like cures like." There is nothing else like it. If you have anything the matter with you and take more of it, you get better. Hahnemann, who discovered this law, has had more followers than Mrs. Eddy. Hahnemann's theory calls for the taking of very minute doses of any drug which will put you into the same fix you are trying to get out of. For example, if rheu-

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matism is your specialty, you will take *rhustox.*, one drop of the drug "attenuated" ten billion times. The power of the drug is not destroyed by this dilution; it is more readily assimilated without danger of being thrown out by the eliminating organs. Assimilated? Why, no search warrant could find even a suggestion of the drug in the mixture. No chemical or microscopical analysis can find it. Only Hahnemann knows it is there. Thus, homœopathy rests on material in theory and imagination in practise. You have to admire it for its economy: it makes a little go such a long way.

Even moonshine may be served hot by a homœopath. This does not refer to that Kentucky and Tennessee moonshine which is so often exhibited in allopathic doses, but to the genuine lunar rays. The writer once had an interview with an old homœo-

Homœopathy

pathic physician in Brooklyn who made the moonshine pills by subjecting his sugar pellets to the rays of the moon. Of course such pellets could not be taken full strength, but after dilution to, say, one ten-billionth, severe lunacy could be cured by them. If the lunacy had been induced by Tennessee moonshine, it made no difference; these pills would restore the brain to its normal activity. Any one who thinks that this story is moonshine may easily be convinced to the contrary.

There can be nothing so pleasant to take as diluted moonshine. The modern toper taking the concentrated kind would soon go out of his intellects. It would eat out his brain tissues more quickly than alcohol, and finish his career with an attack of the animals. Beware of moonbeams, or you will be on your beam ends. Lunar rays must be used frugally like other stimu-

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lants; but take them diluted and you have all the tickling sensations without fear of dangerous symptoms. A moonshine pill, taken night and morning, clears away the brain fog, which is incipient lunacy. Young men in love should refrain, however, as a restoration of normal perceptions might result in so calm an appreciation of the girl's bonnet that the harmony of their social relations would be disturbed. Comfortable mental astigmatism should never be disturbed. Should the bonnet, however, create the horrors, independently of medication, the moonshine pills may then be taken until the convexity of the mental lens is changed, and produces an agreeable picture. By following this advice many a headache may be relieved, and advantages will be gained through peace of mind. Moonshine will do a great deal for the

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world. It will dispel the little lunacies which make the otherwise sound unhappy, and it will agreeably craze severe minds, so that they can endure the slight abnormalities of their associates. Harmony will result when all minds have been dovetailed by moonshine. At this point the materialist observes that Tennessee moonshine has been doing this very thing right along, and no fuss has been made about it. As a harmonizer he says that old Tennessee moonshine beats them all, and he cites incidents where numbers who have tried it have lost all memory of their differences, and joined in song. One drop of the Tennessee article would not be discussed in a State where capacities range from two gallons to two hogsheads. Yet the drop of medication in ten billion parts, while it will not confer a jag, is indued with a force none the less because it is

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unseen—like the sirocco rocking Uncle Si's sideboards.

As stated, the homœopathic theory makes a little go a long way and this appeals to the man who has enjoyed such a variety of medical experience that he realizes it is time to economize. He swallows the theory as easily as the medicine, and tries to think himself into accord with the doctrine. He remembers looking over some specimens of canned man at a Long Island institution which makes a business of reducing its patrons to the lowest material terms, for sanitary reasons, and also to save space. The attendant who opened the cans explained that the green spots on some of the bone knuckles were due to mercury pills which had been taken to do the gentleman good, when alive. These tiny liver pills had gone farther than the imagination of the poet who wrote ads for them

Homœopathy

could carry. They had left their record, an allopathic epitaph, in green ink at a point where flame and flood would not erase it. Thus the drugs a man takes live after him. From this it is apparent that small things may have a lasting effect, and from this minute liver pill, the fancy carries one down the microscopic scale toward the point where the pill separates into ten billion parts. Reason will not permit you to state that some of the pill is not in one of the ten billion parts. The only difficulty is to believe that you can take in so much of anything at once as a ten billionth part and have it survive. You can't curl your tongue around it, nor sweeten a tooth with it. So, in order that you may be convinced about its being there, the homœopathic physician calls your attention to the germ theory which has developed since Hahnemann's time and adds strength, if not ma-

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terial, to his doctrine. A bolus isn't a bacillus, but let that pass—like the bolus. There are germs, they tell you, that are as small as the ten billionth part of a pill (which you doubt), and these germs will spread into a whole German empire of disease, if properly planted in a human being. Bacteriologists find them only when several millions are congregated on a plate of gelatin and raise a fuzz. This fuzz is the muss and dirt which the germs stir up when housekeeping in their congested tenement. A fuzzless germ is harmless. If the street cleaning commissioner would tidy up after each germ, it would do no harm. The germ fuzz in a man's circulation creates the mischief, and one member of the family quickly splits itself up into several billions of descendants. This litter of grandchildren creates a litter. Disease is caused by the germ

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dirt, and men die a few days after grandfather organism has settled down to rear a family. Thus the homœopath shows that little things become large. Great hoax from little ache-corns—. No animal is too small to raise progeny, and if he is a lonely worm, nature gives him power to remove a rib and start a family as easily as Adam did. Many a buglet would die single if it were not for his spare ribs.

The homœopathic doctrine thus made clear, the patient realizes that the suggestion of a drug may do him more good than the drug, so he goes on and on, taking a spoonful of sugared water every hour. Mrs. Eddy, the inventor of Christian Science, developed her system after practising homœopathy. She clung to the ten billionth part of a drug until she saw that she might as well cut even that out, and cling to thought straps for support.

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She writes in her book, "Science and Health" (p. 152): "Her (Mrs. Eddy's) experiments in homœopathy had made her skeptical as to material curative methods. Jahr, from *aconitum* to *zincum oxydatum*, enumerates the general symptoms, the characteristic signs, which demand different remedies; but the drug is frequently attenuated to such a degree that not a vestige of it remains. Thus we learn that it is not the drug which expels the disease, or changes one of its symptoms. The author has attenuated *natrum muriaticum* (common table salt) until there was not a single saline property left. The salt had lost its 'savor,' and yet, with one drop of that attenuation in a goblet of water, and a teaspoonful of the water administered at intervals of three hours, she had cured a patient sinking in the last stages of typhoid fever. The highest attenuation of

Homœopathy

homœopathy, and the most potent, arises above matter into mind; and thus it should be seen that the divine Mind is the healer and that there is no efficacy in the drug."

Mrs. Eddy says homœopathy is next door to her mind cure, and the regular physician says, a highly attenuated drug goes through a man without touching him. It is so small that it passes between the molecules of a body with plenty of room on either side. Furthermore, he says the germ theory does not sustain Hahnemann's doctrine. How about Mrs. Eddy's table salt? the allopath asks. Is chloride of sodium a germ? Will a little of it grow when introduced into the human drug receptacle? Isn't the body already pretty full of salt, and will the addition of a sliver of a salt atom make a man feel as if he had mackerel and fish balls for breakfast? Because some small things like germs

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raise havoc, does it follow that there is always *multum in parvo*? If so, *e pluribus unum*, the allopathic doctrine of one cure out of many pills suffers a fall. You see, a few dead languages introduced into a medical question impart an air of technicality and dignity, and excite the reader's interest. *Sic semper tyrannis* will stir up a dog if you emphasize the first word. Dead languages are of great help to the doctors, and are appropriately used in discussions that follow the completion of their work. *Rigor mortis*, for example, is a first phrase in *post-mortem* nomenclature, and it shows the exactitude of a dead language when applied to a topic congenially defunct. The event is scheduled *sine die*, and when the patient does the latter, the doctor fills in the date and makes such a sign manual as will get the papers passed. This does away with the crowner's quest—a barbarous official inquiry

Homœopathy

and as severe a complication as may be induced by homœopathy. The coroner is as tearful as a sad iron. He takes his business so seriously that the New York Legislature threatens to exterminate him at every session, on the theory that he is more *pro bono* the coroner than *pro bono publico*. But so long as crowner's quest is law, we shall expect it to play trumps at the finish of this case, and every doctor who has heretofore figured in it as ace high must give way when the trump blows in, although said trump may be only a two spot from the fourt' ward.

Homœopathy invades the realm of pure imagination and almost pure mathematics. An understanding of its theory depends on the elasticity of the individual's mind. A man who can think only of things small enough to be just beyond the reach of the microscope, tugs on his imagination for some time before he can fetch it to the

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edge of infinity. Infinity is too large to grasp in mathematics, but it is expressed symbolically by a pair of ice tongs, hung up sideways. The infinite attenuations of the homœopath are as concisely expressed as 200 x, 300 x, etc. If it were not for these abbreviations, science would get itself tangled. Things hard to understand are made easy to pass around by nailing on a few handy symbols. Thus, in homœopathy, 10 x means that one drop of a given drug has been divided into 10,000,000,000 parts. Now 10 x is a condensed way of referring to such a strong drink. These X's of homœopathy, by the way, are not to be confused with the algebraic XXX on ale barrels. The ale is allopathic.

Leaving aside the symbols, the easiest way to comprehend this doctrine is to take a drug and divide it as Hahnemann did. The homœopath starts with one drop of tincture, to which he adds nine drops of



The Homœopathic Doctor dilutes his dose.

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alcohol, thus making ten drops of the attenuation when mixed. That is called 1 x. One drop of 1 x is then added to nine drops of alcohol and thoroughly shaken, to constitute 2 x. One drop of 2 x goes with nine drops of alcohol to make 3 x and so on up to 200, which is considered fairly effective. Follow this out to 30, where homœopaths think the dilution is weak enough to be strong. The following table shows you where you will land:

1 x=1 drop of the drug in 10			
2 x	"	"	100
3 x	"	"	1,000
4 x	"	"	10,000
5 x	"	"	100,000
6 x	"	"	1,000,000
7 x	"	"	10,000,000
8 x	"	"	100,000,000
9 x	"	"	1,000,000,000
10 x	"	"	10,000,000,000
11 x	"	"	100,000,000,000
12 x	"	"	1,000,000,000,000
13 x	"	"	10,000,000,000,000
14 x	"	"	100,000,000,000,000
15 x	"	"	1,000,000,000,000,000
16 x	"	"	10,000,000,000,000,000
17 x	"	"	100,000,000,000,000,000
18 x	"	"	1,000,000,000,000,000,000
19 x	"	"	10,000,000,000,000,000,000
20 x	"	"	100,000,000,000,000,000,000
21 x	"	"	1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
22 x	"	"	10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
23 x	"	"	100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
24 x	"	"	1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
25 x	"	"	10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
26 x	"	"	100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
27 x	"	"	1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
28 x	"	"	10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
29 x	"	"	100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
30 x	"	"	1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000

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From the foregoing it is seen that a drop which contains one grain or 1-480 of an ounce is attenuated at 30 x to a figure expressed by a unit and thirty ciphers, and that means that the drop is scattered into ten billion billion billion parts. The higher dilutions of homœopathic tinctures represent one drop of medicine in a globe of water girdled by the orbit of the planet Saturn. The real devilish mixtures that must not be left where children can find them, stand for one drop of the drug in Lake Superior. No boarding house hash could be so attenuated with potato without being mistaken for potato only. A glass of water would not lose much of its character for propriety should prussic acid, the most deadly of poisons, be thrown into it in such a quantity, yet the homœopaths say that thousands of people are cured by the

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“higher potencies,” and their records show that just as many people get well or die under their care, as under other people’s.

The motto of the horse that lived on shavings was *excelsior*. He struggled hard to succeed at it, and just as he got nicely stuffed he became a dead horse but a fairly good cushion. This was cheap and filling food. Homœopathic medicine, having the strength of the ten billion billion billionth part of the real drug would need to be taken as hopefully as the ambitious horse took his *excelsior* diet, and when we compare the latter with the homœopathic dose, we see where the horse made his error. If food material existed in his shavings, it was there, probably, as the ten billion billion billionth part of a proteid, carbohydrate or hydrocarbon. To get enough hay in this form, the horse would have been compelled to eat the ex-

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celsior output of all the furniture factories and saw mills in the United States, Canada and Mexico—enough excelsior to make ten beds under each hair of the animal. Of course, he couldn't raise saliva enough to dampen it all down, nor furnish the horse power necessary to chew, digest and assimilate. The horse figured it out, as sagaciously as Hahnemann, that the food in the shavings was in an attenuated form, but the error was in the selection of a vehicle to carry it. Woody fibre is no menstruum for a food tincture. If the horse had sense enough to take his diluted hay in water with an occasional bite of shavings, he might have found the diet invigorating and filling to a sufficient degree, without any after effects due to clogging of the solids.

The homœopath makes no claim that the human body can be nourished by food

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suggestions. At present he claims to remove disease only by the drop whose potency cannot be lost, no matter how large the quantity of liquid in which it is diluted. If a stone be thrown in the Atlantic at Coney Island, it sets up a ripple which washes the western shore of Africa. Homœopaths, bathing abroad, would find these ripples large enough to dive through. Other folks would not notice them. So with sound. The rag man's bells set up vibrations which go ringing through space for all time, for nothing is lost in nature. Such portions of the sound waves as are not converted into heat, by impact with solids, push onward to eternity. Hence we may infer that there is a lively old rag time festival out on the edge of the universe. There will be babies' cries, political oratory, toots from whistles, the ocean's roar, Parsifal,

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Fourth of July, and the pleading of lonely cats. Only the homœopath's ear or touch will detect these sound fragments and ever-moving ripples. Scientists admit that they exist, but also admit that they can not hear or see them.

As it is difficult for some to conceive the ten billion billion billionth part of a drop, let us look at the matter from another point of view, as if we really could look at it. Instead of taking a drop to divide, let us play that we are giants, and that a drop is equal to 50,000 bags of salt, each weighing 25 pounds. That equals 1,250,000 pounds. At 16 ounces (instead of 12) to the pound we get 20,000,000 ounces. Let us be liberal and take 500 grains or drops to the ounce. That gives us 10,000,000,000 drops (ten billion) which is the same in homœopathy as 10 x—a pretty stiff dose. Hahnemann sometimes ran it

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out to 1,000, next door but one to Arc-turus. Our conception of homœopathy now grows clearer, for we see that when the regular prescribes a million and a quarter pounds of a drug for a dose, one drop is the homœopathic equivalent; or, when the allopath prescribes a drop, the homœopath says the one ten-billionth part of a drop. If an allopath prescribed the Atlantic and Pacific oceans before breakfast, the homœopathic equivalent would be a glass of water. Unless the reasoner gets up on a plane where he can put one foot on Jupiter and the other on Mars, while warming his back against the sun, he can not think of small things in a large enough way to grasp the Hahnemann theory. Unless he imagines himself taking the world's oceans at one gulp, he can not get a basis for accurate comparison. The glass of water, homœopathically

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prescribed for a patient of such size would be equivalent to the ten billionth part of a dew drop at the end of his nose.

As stated, the theory is that like cures like. Be mended by a hair of the dog that bit you. If a poisonous substance be taken, attenuated doses of the same substance will remove its effects. For frog in the throat, take small frogs, and one measles will cure measles. If you see people yawning, yawn back at them and they will stop, though their faces may indicate that inward yawns are still rippling through their tissues. A two hundred and fifty pound man who steps on your bunion represents the allopathic dose. To offset this impact the ten billion billion billionth part of any drug is prescribed, which in appreciable doses will inflame bunions. If moonshine is a heavy commodity, homœopathically considered, it

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will be understood how the 30 x trituration for bunions may be prepared by having the baby step on it, real hard.

Or, take a case of the blues with attendant head ache to your neighbor Brown, who greets you with the bare statement that Smith is no better. Pretty soon the head ache disappears, although Smith was dropped from the conversation as soon as mentioned. Little things like head aches can thus be cured homœopathically without resort to drugs. This practise involves matter and mind. Now, Smith, who is in a bad way, can not be lifted out of his head ache and typhoid fever by any such suggestion. For him, the diluted drop. He is not strong enough to travel on his mind alone. It is dulled by the head ache and he wants to take something. How many cases like Smith's would result in recoveries, if no doctors

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or drugs were in the case? The law won't permit the experiments necessary to determine that question. We do know, however, that men beyond the confines of civilization get well from all sorts of diseases without the doctor. Hence it may be inferred that some cures might result at home without professional aid. Men die under the best of care, and get well under the worst of treatment. The human dog is both tender and tough. As a baby he seems too fragile to touch, but yesterday's paper tells of a new born infant falling out of the window of a swiftly moving railroad car, and being picked up alive and happy two hours afterward. Some men die of hiccups; others survive small pox, appendicitis, pleurisy, pneumonia, jaundice and cross-eyes, and await further complications with hope. Men accustomed to health, who take it as a matter

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of course, stir up an entire household, soak their feet and call the doctor if they sneeze, or feel tired at 9:30 when the hour for feeling that way is 10. The man next door doesn't know he's ill until told to make his will, and even then he may persist in living on till the doctor who advised him is forgotten by people who have lived in the town forty years.

Mr. Bok, of Brooklyn, wrote an interesting book on the tomb stones in Greenwood cemetery. He is acquainted with all the inhabitants, and will point out to you the last resting place of any notable you may mention. The writer met him in the cemetery one morning at 6 o'clock. He was kicking his heels against a wealthy merchant's tomb to keep warm.

"Did you come out to see Willie go in?" was his chirpy inquiry, as if he had known the writer all his life. He surmised that a

companion had arrived who would appreciate the opportunity of being Horatio to his Hamlet while he discoursed on the Yoricks of his acquaintance. Not one was brought in, or escaped to stop a hole to keep the wind away, unless Bok knew it. He was an entertaining post-mortem expert. Anything unusual going on in the cemetery brought him there to get the facts at first hand. The "Willie" he referred to in his greeting was an alleged bank robber who had relieved an easy New York institution of \$350,000. The man's death a few days after the discovery looked like suicide. Bok would have have camped on the spot all night rather than miss such a case. The burial was just as he wanted it. The casket was opened at the grave so that Bok had a chance to remark, "Who'd think such a pious looking old cuss could have done it? It was a fine piece of work

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at this end of the line, though." No bug collector ever became more enthusiastic over a specimen than this man did over a new variety in his line of buried treasure. But Bok's book could have been made even more interesting if he had told how his specimens came to reach his laboratory. Did homœopathy, allopathy, or any other pathy hasten or delay their arrival? The story of the tomb stones is all right, but it doesn't go deep enough. Vital statistics are gathered in every city and lost in official volumes. The statistics of vital interest are buried with Bok's specimens, and until we have them, every kind of healing system will continue and thrive.

Bots and grubs seldom trouble human beings, unless used for bait. Then they are nasty to get on the hook, and they do not cling so well as worms or periwinkles. They do trouble horses, how-

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ever, and may be cured homœopathically by attenuated bot or grub juice. Horses take as kindly to homœopathy as they do to plain sugar, and seem to know no difference. Neither can they make any distinction between pills for epizootic, thrush, heaves, colic or distemper.

The homœopathic physician supplies his own drugs without extra charge. This makes it more reasonable to the consumer, who is not called upon to help support the druggist as well as the doctor. The homœopathic medicine case, which is of the size of a small hand bag, contains less than a hundred concentrated remedies. With these nearly all ills may be cured. They are the fac-similes of everything from acid stomach to yellow fever. As soon as the doctor makes a diagnosis and becomes sure as to what the trouble is, he picks the identical thing out of a little

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bottle and prepares the proper attenuation in half a glass of water. Pretty presently, or twenty years after, the patient is well again. It all depends upon finding a drug like the disease to work the cure. In the author's case there appeared to be no homœopathic remedy just like this particular form of rheumatism. There are two thousand kinds of rheumatism. It would not be surprising if there were ten thousand kinds. The difficulty of determining the exact shade of the trouble in the diagnosis alone is apparent, and the still greater difficulty of duplicating the ailment in drug form would seem to place the theory beyond the practicable.

But "fire fights fire," and "dog eats dog," and "like cures like" are doctrines which can not be proved false merely by citing exceptions. Even so small a fire as a lighted match may, if thrown at the

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right point, set up a counter-blaze that will destroy a prairie fire. Enough allopathic water, for which fire has an antipathy, would do the same thing. When it comes to "dog eating dog" we can think of a sausage capsule playing the part of the little dog that is to destroy the big one. Such a pill would be large and allopathic, however, and the big dog's disappearance could not be credited to homœopathy. What a Southerner would call a dog-goned pill must be constructed in some other way, to come within the scope of the theory. Hahnemann turns to nature, and finds that the finish of a dog is his tail. Therefore, attenuated dog tail, or the ten hundred billionth part of the outer end of the tail's last hair, may accurately be prescribed as his terminus to terminate him.

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IN about the third year it comes to pass that the habitual rheumatic takes to Christian Science. This is done strictly on the quiet. Not even his immediate family are to know about this move. It is well that they do not, for according to the teachings of this cult, a dangerous cross-fire of comment may occur at home—comment like “What nonsense,” “That’s the limit,” and “A good thing for easy marks.” All this is disturbing to the Mind, which is the whole thing in this treatment. A man who has been brought up to believe in the actuality of matter, sticks to conservative and material remedies to the last. He hesitates to plunge into the metaphysical pond, having learned to swim in the deep of materialism. So

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many estimable people whom he knows say they have been cured by this science with a capital S after the doctors have failed, that he is gradually brought to believe there must be something in it worth while. Accordingly he goes to a "healer," a follower of the founder of Christian Science, Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, known as the Mother of the Church. It is necessary that the Eddy label be stamped on a healer before you allow her to operate on you; otherwise you will imperil your life with "mental science," which the orthodox denounce as a fraud. The mental scientists pull hair and talk back in the same way.

The healer does business every day at her office in one of the sky-scrapers down town. She is a general practitioner, but her specialty is sharpening the wits of business men who can not make all the money they would like to. Dullness of

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the money-making faculty is as much a "claim," or disease, as pan-tod, hobby-bird, mulligrub, or any other ailment; hence it may be treated. Christ's authority for helping the money changer in this way is not cited, but it is probably found in the following passage of Scripture: "For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.

"But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness."

The lady healer is fond of bright colors. These gay hues give rise to sunny thoughts which, in turn, light up the pathway of life. A brilliant bonnet and a flaming gown thus become a tonic for the wearer and for all who behold, provided they are true Christians and are not filled

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with envy, or displeased at the taste shown in a chaste combination of scarlet, purple, brown, blue, yellow, and Paris green.

When you visit the healer's office, you get in line and wait your turn for entering the sanctum. Judging from the number of patrons, the business of metaphysical healing must be good. Absolution from disease is one of the things that people are willing to pay well for. Hence, fourteen hundred students, who understand this fact, are now taking a course of Eddy under the direction of a New York teacher.

When you reach the inner sanctum, you make your bargain with the healer for a treatment every day—three times a week at her office, and four absent treatments each week to be given without your knowledge. Then you dip right into the subject, intent on knowing all the ins and outs of a

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science that says your pain is all in your mind.

The treatment begins with the healer's survey of the subject's mentality and way of looking at things. She finds that the man before her thinks he has a rheumatic pain in the back and legs and can not walk or make the slightest move without suffering. This, she says, is an error, which is technically called a "claim" by Science (always spell it with a big S to separate it from the little sciences invented by cheap philosophers). Error, it is explained, is like darkness, which does not actually exist, but is only the absence of light, or truth. At this point the worldly one finds his own weak, unreasoning intellect wrestling with the reverse of the problem: "Where was Moses when the light went out?" Did the removal of the light bring not only darkness but the destruction of

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everything the light had revealed, including Moses?

The pain error must be removed by a practice of the principles of Science as laid down in Mrs. Eddy's book, price five dollars, and thus endeth the first lesson.

A careful reading of "Science and Health" impresses one with the mysteriousness of the mysteries surrounding Mind, which is "the only I or Us; the only Spirit, Soul, Divine Principle, Substance, Life, Truth, Love; the one God." Mind is the only substance. Thus, a man sits at dinner in a chair which is part of him, and eats some of himself. Before bumping into this doctrine, he had supposed that what he had flattered by calling it his mind was something which had the power of recognizing matter, the chair, and the dinner, to be distinct from it. Not so. Mind is

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the only substance. Any "error" in substance is, therefore, an error in Mind, and the man who repairs an error in your sidewalk simply repairs a part of the one Us or Mind, and does it with a mental spade and mental cement. Pay him with a piece of your mind—but put it in the form of cash. At this point it is necessary to idealize a little after the manner of the vegetarian who makes a juicy steak out of nuts, and delicious coffee out of burnt bread crumbs and chicken feed.

What is matter? Mrs. Eddy says: "Another name for mortal mind, illusion * * The opposite of Truth; the opposite of Spirit; the opposite of God; that of which immortal Mind takes no cognizance; that which mortal mind sees, feels, hears, tastes and smells only in belief."

Until you get the first lesson wedged into your intellects it is not worth while to

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go on. A few stop right there. But take it slowly—don't rush at it like leaking gas toward the man looking for it with a light. Many Christian Scientists grasp this idea so quickly that they do not post up on the sequences, and so are not able to explain the thing to the benighted. Therefore, be cautious, for here is where the germ is isolated and tagged, unless the lens is askew or a thin enough slice of the theory to examine microscopically cannot be peeled off. The definition says that matter "is mortal mind;" it also says that matter is that which mortal mind believes. Mortal mind is defined as "Nothing, claiming to be something." Summarize these, for on them depend the law and its prophet's profits:

Mind is the only substance.

Matter is illusion.

Matter is mortal mind.

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Matter is that which mortal mind believes.

Mortal Mind is nothing, claiming to be something.

The reader will admit that these definitions must conform to reason, or sense, or else they must be taken as dogma, handed out by Mrs. Eddy, to be mentally absorbed with reason and sense held in check. This is lifting yourself by your boot straps.

See if it is possible for your reason to assimilate this: that matter is illusion, and being illusion, it can actually think, in the phantom form of mind! Then dally with the thought that mind is nothing, claiming to be something. The writer knows a small boy who, when asked by his aunt how he liked a certain pudding, said it was the nearest approach to nothing he had ever eaten. That is the only actual case

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of nothing claiming to be something which has come under the writer's observation, and even the wind pudding was something, although the zero mind of the boy declared it to be nothing.

You can not understand Science unless you grasp the fundamental principles of Mind, Matter and Mortal Mind. The best way to do this is to close your eyes and think of the most vacant lot beyond the universe. Mentally strip it of all the rubbish you find there, old chairs, mattresses, tin cans, goats, bed springs, ash heaps; then cut out the land and the atmosphere; also, bounds of space and limitations of distance and time—as so far and so many hours from the Bowery. Get this conception of nothing as blank as possible, then turn out the light. There you have it—a perfect zero. A place which is not, never was, and won't. Keep a mental grasp of

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this vacuum, then listen! Don't speak above a whisper, don't let the still, small voice within titter or suppress a giggle. Keep your mental ears straight up, and with patience wait. Presently, you hear Nothing. You hear that great emptiness; that mass of ciphers; that spot without climate, without boundaries, apart from the universe; the nucleus of the soap bubble; and what does it say? "I am Something! I am Something!"

"Somebody let the cat in." That is your conclusion, and after all your trouble to think off an inclosure of Nothing, the blamed cat gets in and you find Nothing claiming to be Something.

Thus are the Eddy definitions illuminated so that when the second treatment is taken, the Nothingness of Matter and Mortal Mind is understood. Should you accidentally drop into a coal hole on the

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way, it would be simply a case of one zero taking in another. The stupid police might take in the included zero when fished from the coal heap. But the police are also zero, and so on to the end.

At the second lesson the healer begins to work on the patient. To do this she closes her eyes. The patient need not take any interest in the healer, beyond hoping that something may happen when she is through. The healer has the faith, and the patient the hope; these two are a strong pair. Descartes, the logician, said, "We should never accept anything as true, which we do not clearly know to be so." These stultifying definitions, which set up a thinking and claiming Nothing, can not be accepted as true. The healer advises to "let them pass for the present." An understanding of the Science is not necessary to effect a cure. The healer who

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understands the truth of these definitions can apply the Science. The patient passes over the fundamental definitions, and not attempting to understand the how, is ready for the miracle. Thus the advance into the mysteries is undertaken.

"If the Scientist reaches his patient through Divine Love, he will accomplish the healing work at one visit," says Mrs. Eddy, "and the disease will vanish into its native nothingness, like dew before the morning sunshine." For the author's rheumatism, this would not dew. The lady with her eyes shut could not seem to catch the ray of rippling sunshine. The patient calls the attention of the healer to this passage, and is informed that "such healings are not so lasting as those achieved by earnest, persistent effort." Therefore, any cheap way out of the difficulty is not to be considered seriously.

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For tough and chronic cases, "Science and Health" prescribes and the healer treats accordingly. Mrs. Eddy writes: "If you mentally and silently call the disease by name, as you argue against it, as a general rule the body will respond more quickly—just as a person replies more readily when his name is spoken. * * * You may vary the arguments to meet the peculiar or general symptoms of the case you treat; but be thoroughly persuaded in your own mind concerning the truth, which you think or speak, and you will be the winner."

This mental lifting of the patient out of the quagmire of distress is accomplished by the Mind spelled with a big M, and is not done by any flim-flamming of the lower-case mind of a man which is "nothing claiming to be something." The only way to get an idea of the doctrine is

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to get your mental concept of Mind clear. Assume that space is a large pot, just large enough to take in nicely everything in the universe—Sun and Moon, the Earth, Mars, Mrs. Eddy, Jupiter, Saturn, then all the stars, their planets and satellites, and all comets. Pour in the Milky Way, throw in all scraps of nebulae and comet tails that may be caught in the corners, and any meteorites and star dust sweepings. Let this mass simmer until it jells. When cold it must include the pot and yourself because we want All in there to carry out the recipe. (Put that in, too.) There you have a Scientifically prepared Mind, a solidified boiled dinner, homogeneous in every part, with every molecule glued to every other. Even the odor and steam that escaped have been caught and put back. The cat belongs there, too, and must be brought out of the Nothing back

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yard for that purpose. This concept shows Mind to be the Whole Thing.

Suppose one measly atom of this mass, bearing your name, sets up the claim that it has a pain, how can it be true, when every particle of the jelly is the same as every other particle, and you are the only speck that ventures to claim the novelty. You ask, what do you claim it with? Why, with your mortal mind, of course. But you say mortal mind is nothing. Sure, it is nothing, therefore not in the jelly which is the only Substance. Why do you keep on talking so much with a mind that is blank. You need the services of a healer, that's what you need. Having before you this clear conception of Mind, the Only Us, you understand how the healer removes your claim of pain. The healer is also an atom in the Universal Jelly. From your corner of the mass you agree to give her one dol-

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lar per for absent treatments, to straighten out your thought kinks. For this consideration she sets to work. Her mental piano is in perfect tune. An anti-rheumatic lullaby strummed by the healer, sets up vibrations which permeate the entire Us. Presently, or later, the ding-dang of these thought notes responding to your U.S. notes, sets up "chemicalization" in your portion of the pudding, and you are filled with Light. Just as soon as the healer lets the Light into you, pain disappears, with the darkness. The whole thing is simple. As Boswell says of Dr. Johnson: "Being in company with a gentleman who thought fit to maintain Dr. Berkeley's ingenious philosophy, that nothing exists but as perceived by some mind; when the gentleman was going away, Johnson said to him, 'Pray, Sir, don't leave us; for we may perhaps forget

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to think of you, and then you will cease to exist.' ”

When they let the Light into a man out West, his pain disappears at the same time as himself.

While he is undergoing Science the patient often complains that his pains are increasing. This outrageous error is combated with the healer's statement that chemicalization has set in. This is a form of mental straining and pickling through which bad cases must pass; a metaphysical squeezing to compress an error too large for easy guidance by Truth's psychopompos. When squeezed squat and well squinched by chemicalization, the residuum is a slab of pure Truth, as sound in all parts as any horse ever swapped by Eben Holden.

Mrs. Eddy writes, in her guide book, “Calm the fear and confusion induced by

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chemicalization, which is the alterative effect produced by Truth on error." This explains chemicalization very nicely. It is a sea change such as Ariel worked at the bidding of Prospero. Philosophers with bob veal intellects will not grasp the truth involved in this definition, in the presence of their minds, but some time when out of their minds the whole thing will be as clear to them as are the elements of podology to infants.

Progress toward health through Science is made by Demonstration. This stage is reached when the healer raises you to a point where you can travel alone, first over small hindrances, like warts, ingrowing nails and the desire to drink champagne on a beer income. Then to climb the greatest heights, the top-most story of the tower, after leaving the lady elevator, you take the spiral staircase, which goes round

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and round the same thing, a good deal, but presently takes you to the roof. This is a picturesque way of looking at the higher forms of Demonstration. Over and over again the weak mortal must deny the existence of pain and affirm that Mind is everything.

Some people who use their minds to think with hold that mind is not everything. Dr. McCosh says: "If it be true that emotion produces a certain bodily state, it is also true that some bodily states tend to produce the corresponding feelings." Here is a philosopher who says that an abnormal condition in the matter composing a man's back may cause him to think he has a pain. But Dr. McCosh dealt with mind only as it manifests its powers in human beings, and did not consider it as "nothing, claiming to be something."

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Mrs. Eddy claims to be logical in all her teachings. One of her statements is: "Truth is ever truthful and can tolerate no error in premise or conclusion." Defending the departure from this plain rule, she works a little magic into Science in the following words: "The new wine of the Spirit has to be poured into the old bottles of the Letter." Descartes and McCosh, herein quoted, stand for the old bottles in this metaphor, and the wine is from the Eddy graperies. You can't pour anything into Descartes called Truth unless he knows it to be true, for he also "can tolerate no error in premise or conclusion." McCosh is a narrow necked bottle. He won't take in this wine as Truth, if it be denied that material causes influence mortal mind. Mrs. Eddy has met the followers of these thinkers, and having found it impossible to fill them with her wine,

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gives up bottling for the day and writes of the "consequent difficulty of so expressing metaphysical ideas as to make them comprehensible by any reader who has not personally demonstrated Christian Science as brought forth in my discovery."

But why waste time trying to fill such old bottles as Descartes and McCosh? At the last annual convention of Christian Scientists held in Boston, fifteen thousand new bottles arose and testified that they had been filled with wine—of this new vintage. To keep the wine sweet, a cherry was dropped into each new bottle. The cherry was a copy of "Science and Health," at five dollars per. The chances are that Descartes and McCosh are dead wrong, for they never cleaned up \$75,000 on pocket editions of their theories. Money talks in metaphysics. The erection of a million dollar Scientist Church in New

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York proves the correctness of the Eddy proclamation that there is "Something in Nothing."

A denial of pain's existence and an affirmation that a normal condition of health exists, constitute the process of Demonstration. By this means, the body is lifted out of the sufferings of Error. As the healer expresses it: "Get the Pain kink out of your Thought and you will get it out of your back." Take a large back ache, with referred pains in the legs, and try this rule on it, day after day. What must be the first change? More will power is exerted, with a corresponding control of the percussive, cussive remarks which formerly followed the reflex pull on the safety-valve string controlling the exhaust speech pipes. There are times when Demonstration must cease during these struggles with thought's pain kink.

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At such times the safety-valve becomes stuck, when open. One percussion follows another, until the boiler is cold. Should any member of the family, however, try to improve matters by suggesting chemicalization, even the safety valve would not accommodate the vocabulary. In order to save the boiler it is necessary to open the whistle. Both at once make a terrible noise, and the inexperienced member agrees to throw no more chemical extinguishers on papa when he is ablaze.

How convincing strong affirmations are! Tell a good lie, rub it in with Demonstration, and the first thing you know it actually is so. Many years ago the city editor of the New York World read in the Herald, day after day, stories of prize fights in Williamsburgh. There was plenty of gore and usually a knock-out. He stood the thing for some time and one

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day Manton Marble, his editor-in-chief, took him to task about the Herald beats. This was galling, and he woke up the reporter who was "covering" the 'burgh. The telephone was not, then, so he dropped a hot note after this wise: "Mr. John Jenkins—Why in —— don't you get after those prize fights. You have had the socks beaten off you thirteen times. Unless you begin to beat the Herald soon, you will get the Marble Heart here."

In the day of this incident Jenkins was an Attic philosopher. On receiving the note in his Grand Street attic he allowed it would be well to carry out orders. A dozen times he had reported to the office that every fight story in the Herald was a fake. But the affirmations and particulars in the Herald had made the fights real to Marble. Therefore, the fights took place. Jenkins might not have grasped

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the Eddy explanation, but he knew how to hold his job on the World. In these days it would be different.

Hanging on the wall in his humble home was a map of the 'burgh. Lying four blocks from the East River, the position of Arbitration Rock was noted on that map. "Under the shadow of Arbitration Rock, in the sporting section of Williamsburgh, one of the bloodiest battles in local annals took place to-night between the heavyweights, Mike, the Cooper, and Long Left Allen. The fight lasted for thirty-six rounds and ended with Allen knocked out and the Cooper in fine fettle." Thus ran the story for two columns, with the leading features of each round noted.

Next day Mr. Marble asked to have the Williamsburgh reporter sent to his office. This call was promptly responded to.

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This was the conversation: "Are you the young man who covers Williamsburgh?"

"Yes, sir."

"You wrote a long story about a prize fight taking place under the shadow of Arbitration Rock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Captain Cornelius Woglom, of the Williamsburgh police, called on me to-day and said he'd be —— if any prize fight took place last night in his station house, which is built on Arbitration Rock."

The future editor went home and revised his map.

The foregoing story illustrates the possibilities of thought and the dependence of an actuality on the point of view. Even bigger stunts can be done according to the Eddy doctrine: "In dreams we fly to Europe and meet a far-off friend. The looker on sees the body in bed, but the sup-

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posed inhabitant of that body carries it through the air and over the ocean. This shows the possibilities of thought. Opium and hashish eaters mentally travel far and work wonders." Unless they run up against some matter-of-fact Captain Wog-lom.

An interesting case is reported in "Science and Health" (p. 379) as follows: "A felon, on whom certain English students experimented, fancied himself bleeding to death, and died through that belief, when there was only a stream of warm water trickling over his arm. Had he known this was a belief, he would have risen above it." That statement is perfectly reasonable: death followed nervous shock. This morning's paper reports the death of a man who was struck by a falling trolley pole, as he walked along the street. He became unconscious and died three

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hours afterward in the hospital. His mortal mind was not permitted to act on his mortal body for the reason that injuries to his body gave rise to a mental state called unconsciousness. The man never knew of the accident. His death would be explained by Science as due to the thought, in the minds of all persons, that death may result from accident. Aggregate thought had been impacted against mortal mind for ages, so it was natural that the man should die. If he had been a Christian Scientist the pole would have bounced off from him without making him wink, because Mind would have dominated, and the consequences feared by mortal mind would have no place in his. But the paper stated that he was a Christian Science healer. The theory didn't work.

Thousands of Christian Scientists avoid troubles that beset ordinary mortals.

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The common annoyances of life disappear; business problems easily unravel; new gowns and bonnets turn up when wanted. Nothing ever worries them or ails them when the higher planes of understanding are reached. Even Christian Science dogs and cats never die. They may disappear, when out of Mind, but no cat burials ever take place in Scientist's back yards. The walking delegate never disturbs building operations on their church edifices, although work may be held up on every other structure in town. Thus doth serenity reign, and thus do we see the millennium working. At this writing, however, the Scientists are still eating food; they still breathe, to supply oxygen to their blood; they sleep at night, to recover from thought impacts which as yet they have not learned to dodge. In their sleep, they demonstrate easily over night-

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mares. They also have to work for a living; some of them long hours at uncongenial tasks. Heat and the absence of heat affect them. At least, the author once saw a healer turn on more steam. Explosion of dynamite will awaken a Scientist. Skunk cabbage root will cause a Scientist's lips to pucker, and will not be eaten with relish. An inverted carpet tack occasionally finds a Scientist's foot and reports along the pathway between the brilliantine pajamas or the silken *robe de nuit*. They are always good dressers. A cloud of dust has been known to make Scientists close their eyes of nothingness and sneeze their gizzards out. Just a few of the disagreeable things of life that they recognize are here mentioned. The day will come when you won't be able to touch Scientists through the senses, unless they want to be touched. They will do all the touching

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themselves, at market rates. That day is coming when everybody will spell Mind with an M as big as the side of a house, and will unconsciously apply all the rules for securing joy. It will be a gladsome time. Everybody will be as young and care free as he wants to be, when in accord with Mind. "In proportion as you understand the control Mind has over the body, you will be able to demonstrate it." Mind being All, it will only be necessary for everybody to understand that fact to make All things possible. The scientists will not die, but will stay at any old age they like.

An example is cited by Mrs. Eddy (p. 245): "The error of thinking that we are growing old, and the benefits of destroying that illusion, are illustrated in a sketch from the history of an English lady published in the London medical magazine called 'The Lancet.' Disappointed in love

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in her early years, she became insane and lost all account of time. Believing that she was still living in the same house which parted her from her lover, taking no note of years, she stood daily before the window watching for his coming. In this mental state she remained young. Having no consciousness of time, she literally grew no older. Some American travelers saw her when she was seventy-four, and supposed her to be a young lady. She had no care-lined face, no wrinkles, no gray hairs, but youth sat gently on cheek and brow. Asked to guess her age, those unacquainted with her history conjectured that she must be under twenty. This instance of youth preserved furnishes a useful hint that a Franklin might work upon with more certainty than when he coaxed the enamored lightning from the clouds * * * Impossibilities never occur. One instance

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like the foregoing proves it possible to be young at seventy-four; and the primary of that illustration makes it plain that decrepitude is not according to law, nor is it a necessity of nature, but an illusion which may be avoided."

The foregoing proves that by eliminating your mortal mind, you find the fountain of perpetual youth, doesn't it? Why not? You are foolish enough to reply that if the lady did not grow old she would look out of the window forever. Why shouldn't a girl who can perpetually keep under twenty years, perpetually look out of the window? The window has no way of growing old. Why should she stop being twenty years old with no mortal mind to stop her? Did Mrs. Eddy mean that she only saved her youthful looks by the loss of her mortal mind? As a matter of fact we assume that Mrs. Eddy agrees that

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this lady finally died of age. She will admit that even in Science at this early date the lady could not be expected to look out of the window for a thousand years, at least, while remaining at the age of twenty. Some of these thought complications could be explained by Weber & Fields. Imagine them doing it:

"Mike, keep your mind easiester mit forgedding dings what you don'd like und see how nicer id goes. Me und Lillian is in der Science vat makes a stinch of lifing by forgedding most everyding you lif mit."

"Meyer, explain der stinch. Am I in it?"

"No. I fergid you und your make-up und until I must fergid someding else I am happy."

"Can I fergid my hard lines?"

"You vill be fired den und yer lines vill be twict der harder. Don't vorry. You

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vill find it too met-you-for-jeshical fer der size headlet vat has so muchest Dutchman vere der prains was to be. Der absent treadmend will do fer a little feller like youse. I vill gif it to you hard."

"Don'd, blease. It is still sorer from the before lastest time I was absent. Gee, but he hurted me."

A man who annoyed the scientist Burcham, he described as "a galoot whose conversation ran the whole gamut of garlic, garrulity and gall." The classification takes in many talkers who dispense with the reasoning powers of their mortal minds. Garlic and gall are easily separated from the garrulity. The attempt to spear a grain of sense is as futile as a jab at a Jabberwok. Two drams of incentive, with measurable vocal combinations added to the garlic, give strength to talk. On garlic alone some men can



*The Christian Scientist says you Only
Think you have it.*

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throw small words quite far, but with whiskey added, they can plant big words anywhere, fertilized, in the hill. Thus two drams become dramatic if not convincing elements in an address. Let us not deal harshly with the world's talkers. The gospel they spread keeps money in circulation; helps the business of renting halls and gives new things to discuss. Let us have plenty of theories, especially on rheumatism. Christian Science is a cure-all, but most of its catch must be rheumatics. Hence it is doing many people good in this world.

Mrs. Eddy is determined to do away with mortal mind, and to illustrate the advantages of getting along with as little of it as possible she writes in her book (p. 489): "The less mind there is manifested in matter, the better. When the unthinking lobster loses his claw, it grows again.

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If the Science of Life were understood, it would be found that the senses of Mind are never lost, and that matter has no sensation. Then the human limb would be replaced as readily as the lobster's claw—not with an artificial limb but with the genuine one."

Thus we see that the ideal Christian Scientist is a lobster. This means a great deal. When you wipe out all your mortal mind you can do anything, but in this world if you are able to get it down to as small a working basis as the lobster's you do much. While your fellow passengers in the railroad smash-up are languishing in hospitals and bringing suit against the company for lost limbs, you are sprouting new legs and arms. Long before the other fellows are used to their artificial members, you are running around with a new set, fresh grown from the Truth's ex-

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haustless Leg and Arm Department. When traveling, the best insurance is a lobster-like serenity. Fish that can not restore lost tails, eyes or teeth, owe their misfortune to nervousness. Let them wait, and they will get an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, according to this new interpretation. So with human beings. Duplicate members and organs may be obtained promptly and in good order by addressing the request through Mind. Small wants, like lost toes and ears, are supplied over night, whereas it may be late the following afternoon before a leg is completed.

Being unable to lose his mortal mind, the author could not Demonstrate the Nothingness of his aches. The lobster ideal is ever before him, however, and in time he may be able to think himself into a new fleshly habitation.

PERSONAL MAGNETISM.

PERSONAL MAGNETISM.

FAR away from usual modes of treatment is that gentle massage called "personal magnetism" by the man who is charged with it and charges for it. He has made wonderful cures. He made a goitre disappear in two days. A woman who had been bed ridden with sciatica for three years, had been cured in two weeks. He never took a case he could not cure. He took this case. That was encouraging at the start. There is nothing like being assured of success in advance. A little assurance, he seemed to think, would go a long way toward effecting a cure, and he always took two dollars worth from the patient, in cash, before loosing his battery.

According to this man's explanation, he was standing beside the grave of a near

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relative at twilight, when he saw a great illumination and heard a voice which told him that he possessed wonderful healing powers. Then he trembled for five minutes while unseen magnetic forces rolled from within him and passed off, occasionally cracking a spark on a hair end. On all other subjects he talked as rationally as most people. His reputation was weighed against his ideas on magnetism by his friends, who at times wondered if his mind would balance otherwise. It's a good thing to keep small change wisdom on hand to meet such charges. None better than he understood how to be orthodox on every other subject than one.

There were two reasons why this healer could not prescribe drugs. First, the doctors have fixed the laws so that they are the only ones who can do it and remain exempt from jail duty. Second, few peo-

Personal Magnetism

ple care to take magnetic doses inwardly, but they are willing to let the fellow fool around outside. The treatment, therefore, consists in the laying on of hands—usually the left hand, which wobbles around on the back of the patient's neck. The unseen forces cause the wobbling. Any body who has the use of his left hand could soon learn how to jiggle it just as magnetically.

The patient feels the same after taking as before—that is, foolish. In the first place it is necessary to consider the man's inward battery. What sort of liver and bacon could he contain to produce magnetic vibrations? Every telegraph or telephone system has its encrusted jars, with zinc and carbon sticks concealed under some ornate piece of furniture. His clothes seemed to fit, and he stood and sat with such ease that suspicion could not be

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directed toward his clothes' trunk or branch lines. His electricity was inwardly jarred. How he jarred it to jar him, or vice versa, how it jarred him to jar it, is one of the problems of the canning industry which the people who can, can solve easily. Some good jar experts are being trained on the trolley roads by flat-wheeled cars, and some of our museum statuary is doing good, in a quiet way, along the same lines. Some shocking things are to be seen at popular prices, but nowhere on the Bowery, nor elsewhere in New York, even with the lid off, do we find anything so shocking as this healer's battery. One is not even permitted to see it, though, come to think of it, the exposure would cause it to take cold and might lead to pneumonia, pleurisy and prison. An inward battery, to be kept in commercial working order, must be concealed beneath

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a tight flannel band saturated with sweet oil and talcum powder, to maintain a maximum of lubrication without chafing, like a self-contained engine enclosed in an oil bath, running so smoothly that it develops a knock-down blow and a stay-down hold of fifty horse power with less fuss than is made by a bumble bee, a humming bird or a Jew's harp. If such a battery were to be run on the outside, concealed by a man's shirt, or dicky, the clatter would be annoying, and the factory inspectors would require all the shafting collars to be protected by metal, to keep the set pins from flying off at a tangent and breaking the bric-a-brac. It is better that such a battery take the form of a benignant inward growth.

The first applications of the trembling left can not produce marked changes in a case of long standing. A diseased condi-

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tion is an accumulation of troubles, and like the clothes of the vaudeville comedian, must be removed, one layer at a time, until some forty odd suits have been peeled away before a flag of truce is seen to wave from a loop hole in the last trousers as a plea to spare the rear guard.

It is the healer's theory that a cure is effected as soon as the vibrations from the left hand give rise to harmonious vibrations in the patient's body. Then hand and body shake independently and synchronously, marking time with the precision of five finger exercises and the ticking pendulum. Thus the human body is an orchestra that must interpret difficult compositions without a conductor to give direction with his baton. When the kettle drum takes a fall out of the clarinets, and the oboes, bassoons and cornets jangle the vibrations, leadership is necessary, and at

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that point, if the gentleman with personal magnetism is called in for a few rehearsals, the warring instruments harmonize again. Health, therefore, is a question of time and tune. The conductor of the orchestra takes a central position, on an elevation where all the players may see him; then with artistic frowns, shrugs, gasps and head shakes, he corrals the wild notes from far and near; when well-grouped the movements of the baton put them into a uniform trot and they jump the bars together in line, as if voiced by a singer of two hundred Sembrich power, measured on the soprano-meter. The net value of such notes would be Madame Sembrich's wages for one night multiplied by two hundred; or, one million dollars. It is vulgar to mention money in matters of this kind, but gas meters are the only meters most of us

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tinker with, and we can always tell if the monkey wrench turned the right way when we see the amount called for on the bill. Hence we speak of cash values to make the thing clear. When cash values are not understood, it is because a life insurance agent explains them. In twenty years you are to have a paid up policy for \$5,000, or you may convert your engraved paper into cash, guaranteed to be \$3,297.43, and it may be a thousand more—it all depends upon the surplus earnings. At the end of twenty years business is not what it used to be and neither are you. There is no surplus (for you) and a clause in the application, which is a part of the policy and contract, but which you have not been allowed to read during the intervening twenty years, as it might produce heart failure, shows that the guaranteed cash is contingent on the weather, the stock

Personal Magnetism

market, the price of coal, prevailing rates of interest, and the assured's ability to pass another physical examination. When all these contingencies are met, the guaranteed cash value is again computed by the actuary and approved by his rubber stamp crocheted signature, into a company asset of \$297.43 which you may pay at the main office, or settle later with the sheriff, plus sixteen legal charges.

Harmony could not be brought out of the rheumatic discord by the vibratings of this personal magnetizer. Some folks are poor thrillees. An A 1 thriller has a hard luck time imposing magnetic undulations on an old-fashioned vertebra, which has no football education, and the limping gait cannot be brought into harmony with inspired taps on the neck knuckles. Hence personal magnetism was abandoned. This subject continues to have a high regard

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for its mysterious origin and a curiosity to locate its seat in the healer's midst, but no inside information can be obtained. He may have swallowed a jar of currants—but as the old colored man said of his coat, that theory is "berry seedy." At times his pistol pockets were under suspicion, but those fortifications may have been loaded with bottled fortifiers as irrelevant as the poet's broader reference to that portion of man's raiment in the line,

"As pants the hart for water brook."

CLAIRVOYANCE AND HERBS.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND HERBS.

THE clairvoyant is visited, as a last resort. He is said to have cured thousands of abandoned cases by the administration of nature's own remedies, the simple herbs, picked in fields and woods and brewed into tea, as the Indian medicine men wrought their cures. At this writing the patient in this case has just begun the clairvoyant treatment, and is not in a position to throw much light on the subject—indeed, it is a question if any could be thrown, as the doctor himself can't seem to make out how it is done. He looks you over and tells you how you feel, and says if twenty-five other doctors had not squandered your vitality, he could build you up. At any rate he will try, and his sincerity appears to be as great as any of the others, as he positively refuses to

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take money! This is the first doctor to note the growing atrophy of the pocket nerve, so he may accomplish something, although the patient is now ready to quit and is not very hopeful.

CONCLUSION.

CONCLUSION.

IN parting from the reader let me use the first person. Throughout my story I have omitted the "I," the better to emphasize the scientific methods. My friends, who know all about my case, have read "Being Done Good" in manuscript and have told me that some of my readers may not be convinced that I have actually experienced so much that science offers in these days; but, as those friends know, the thing has been so serious to me and my little family, that when I came to write, I found rest and pleasure in recording only that which arose out of gloom into the sunlight. The shadows of pain and disappointment made the high lights bolder. The psychologist, I think, will stand by me in that opinion. It was my wish to have no suggestion of pain enter the narrative. Every man and woman in

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this world bears a burden. Mine was comparatively light. Rheumatism is painful, but seldom fatal. Those who really suffer would think nothing of it. The most cheerful man I ever met lay in a hospital with a broken back. Death crept upon him. The sourest man I ever met was a multi-millionaire with a reputation as a philanthropist.

This is not the rule, but if you want to become good natured get the rheumatism. You will swing to the limits of irritability and good temper. This pendulum disposition is symptomatic. If I have not been convincing, the rheumatism is responsible. I am bound to help my neighbor carry his cross, but if he tells me a long story about his troubles I am sure his burden is not so heavy as he claims, and he does not need my help. A man who actually suffers with rheumatism in most of his joints can

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not, because of the psychological reason stated, write so seriously about it as the fellow does who writes the patent medicine ads. The theoretical ad writer takes himself seriously, but the rheumatic in writing about the same patent medicine can not overlook the prominent fact that this combination of alcohol and weeds may be manufactured, in a tank, for one dollar a barrel and sold for one dollar a bottle. And the victim must grimly acknowledge that the chances are one in ten thousand that a man in Wisconsin can mix vegetables in that way and cure a man in New York of something of which he has no knowledge. When I have taken a four year course of these attractions and find myself in bed at home for the last eight months of the time, I want the privilege of telling about the game in a way that will ease my mind. Any man who wants

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to, may write a book telling how it all hurts, but nobody will read it.

People who have not gone through this thing may wonder that we are still practising some kinds of medicine as the Indians do, whose medicine dance is as sensible as some other cures. The limitations of human knowledge become apparent to the man who explores the domain of science with his doctor guides in search of health. Stanley could find Livingston in darkest Africa, but the problem was no more difficult than that of finding the needle in the hay stack. In the search for health the task is like that before the village blacksmith, the best machinist in his town, when called upon to repair the machinery of an automobile. He must do something, so he sets to work on a broad guess with hope and a hammer. If he had made the machine he would know what

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the various wheels are supposed to do, and he could tell when the click and snort of the engine were in tune.

A similar problem faces the doctor when called upon to repair the human machine. Man was made and the doctors are to find out how. All agree that man, as the first automobile, is the most wonderful piece of machinery to be found in the world, or in Mars, for I have seen "The Man from Mars." Our earth man turns out a maximum amount of physical and mental energy on a minimum fuel supply. The best, and some of the worst "makes" of men have a small repair bill. Man's system of lubrication and dust proof bearings is marvelous, and his automatic steering gear is beyond imitation by the best machinists. When one of these fancy machines breaks down and the best doctor in town hustles out with his bag of tools,

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I do not wonder that when he reaches his job he stands around and scratches his head. It may be that, like some pathologists, he has taken apart at least two thousand of these machines when second hand, but he is no stronger and no wiser than all the king's horses and all the king's men in the notable case of Humpty Dumpty, when it comes to putting one together again. The doctor looks over the wreck and reports the gasoline tank full of uric acid. He can't say how it got there, but it has clogged up the liver and spleen valves and some of the pipes are badly incrustated. He will do what he can to get the thing running again. He takes the hammer and hits something which loosens up the wheels, so that a slow run to the next town may be taken, to give the doctor there a chance. And so it goes until some doctor tightens the right bolt.

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If the doctors had made the machine we could hold them strictly responsible. As it is, we engage them as common carriers only, who are in no way responsible for the quality of the goods, to transport the machine into this world, and we pay them to keep it running as long as they can. Nice looking men have been made of plaster, with painted interiors that may be removed for class room demonstration, but these products are more expensive than the old fashioned, unpatented variety, and the doctors who have designed them have been unable to reach a large sale on this line of goods, though considerable money has been sunk in advertising. The Males Wanted advertisers did not seem to care for this brand of man, nor do the refined ladies who herald their refinement in the personal column, and are so bent on matrimony that they ought to be glad of any

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substitute if the genuine is not to be had. As man represents the highest type of mechanism, I do not expect science can do everything in the repair of him until many more years of research have disclosed his plans and specifications, complete. But important as the study of mankind is, I should like to convince Pope that the proper study of man is rheumatism.

When I had gone through three and a half years of it, I was compelled to give up everything in the way of worldly ambition. At first I hoped to get to the office in a few weeks. I kept on hoping. My employers were exceptionally kind. They urged me to stay at home until I could move around in comfort. So I staid, but the old fellow staid, too. Bed was good enough for him. At the end of six months I settled down for a siege.

Writing has helped me to forget the

Conclusion

worst features, and the hard ending of it all. Fountain pens do not write up hill. The writer in bed must take to the reportorial pencil and a yaller pad. In this position and with these materials, I tooled a few statements and read them to a couple of friends who brought their sympathy to my bedside. My words seemed to assuage their grief. When I began to read, they stopped crying. My wife would hang their tear-soaked handkerchiefs out to dry, while I read on and they took a more hopeful view of my condition. My cheerful friend and family physician, of the regular school, now engaged on a ninety-nine year contract to keep the brakes on so that I shall not slip backward, would tumble around in his chair and vow that he was sure no other medical work covered certain important phases of the subject in the same way. I got the notion that Fate

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had thrown me into this thing for a purpose, so I wrote a pad chock full. The friends said it must be published; that the only thing to do would be to have it typewritten and sent to a publisher, who would jump at it as the choicest bloom plucked in the literary garden in years—probably, as a lady, speaking at one of our literary clubs remarked, “Since Dr. Sherlock Holmes wrote the Democrat.” The publisher did. He jumped at it like a short stop for a hot liner, and got it back over the home plate in time to shut out three scores that would have been made by my advisers. They counted on scoring, but without the short stop. The next publisher kept it seven weeks, on top of his desk while he spent the Spring in Florida. The day he returned the returning habit returned to him, and he returned the *magnum opus*. His secretary explained

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that it was a nice book, but they had no use for it. His inclined plane adjectives showed that he was copying the formula of a let-you-down-easy letter. Then the conspirators who had suggested the publication of this treatise were called together. They discussed the lack of business sense shown by the publishers who had turned down such a good thing. How could they afford to lose the money! Some one remembered that "Jane Eyre" had gone the rounds of the publishers until the manuscript was tattered and stained. "David Harum," too, it seems, had a tough time of it before he could get before nearly a million people. Another would grab at it, or, if not, we would publish it ourselves and I was bound to make a good thing out of it. The things the author might do with his money were then discussed. One of the gentlemen, who had

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just moved into a palace in the most exclusive suburban section, said he had selected a good site there, on which I might build a mansion suitable to my means. A sale of half a million books meant at least a hundred thousand dollars in royalties, and a reputation which would swamp me with orders from all the publishers so that I could push out at high prices a lot of stuff I have laid away. I might also write plays and make a lot of money that way. Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas get ten per cent. or more, on the gross receipts, and spend most of the time sending office boys to the bank with deposits.

Mark Twain tells us how he was a millionaire mine owner for ten days. During that period he nursed a companion, Captain Nye, who was suffering from rheumatism and forgot to file his claim to the mine within the required time. The

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rheumatism of his friend, therefore, turned him to writing for a living, and awoke him from his day dreams, for he, too, had planned a fine house and a trip abroad. There must be some connection, it was agreed, between rheumatism and successful writing. I did not remind them that Mark Twain failed when he became financially interested in his own publishing house. Big talk along these lines led to the organization of a publishing company. The chief conspirators dragged in a few easy ones to the extent of a ten-dollar share each, and I got off light with cigars and refreshments. A lawyer friend chipped in his services, and for exactly \$13.98, in filing fees, we became incorporated at the new bargain counter rates offered by New York to meet New Jersey competition. Our heirs and assigns will find it easy to assume con-

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trol of our property, including our valuable domestic and foreign copyrights.

It was demonstrated at the first meeting that it would be necessary to translate this work into at least fourteen languages right away, and so I proposed that we send a man, or telephone, to the Bible Society, to learn how many languages are known, and to please send a revised list so that we can take in the heathen, for there is nothing so heathenish as rheumatism. Dahomeyans and Zulus who run around naked and sit on the damp ground get it, and so do the Wild Men of Borneo. The book, I thought, would go well in their dialects, and make a light literary repast, while digesting the dry missionary sandwich. The incorporators thought this an excellent idea. The conservative management made a loud canvass while the book was in press, and by a process of

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modern finance induced the Brooklyn *Eagle* to take over the publication of the work in its name. The original company became a holding company, and its stock doubled. It was a risky thing to organize a business with a holding company, in face of the administration's attacks, but no change in the policy will be made until Knox brings down the Standard Oil people.

Writing and publishing a book are diversions which are commended to rheumatics. Try writing up the trouble in poetry. It is a good subject for an epic. It covers years. There are other diversions. The principal one in my family came with the new baby. There is nothing which throws rheumatism so far in the background as a baby, especially if it be the first one to arrive in the family in thirty-five years. We have the testimony

Being Done Good

of the doctor, the nurse and the neighbors to prove that our baby is a most remarkable boy. Dr. Griffith's book on babies says that they should double their weight in five months, but our youngster went from nine to eighteen pounds in four months without turning a hair. I merely mention this to substantiate the testimony of the experts. I wanted to print the baby's picture in this book, for he has a smile which would show that all the members of our family are not catching rheumatism, or taking the writer's, too seriously. Rheumatics who have no babies at home to relieve the monotony of life, are advised to do as Rebecca did: borrow one.

The Pinkertons, I understand, are still at work on that famous assault case, trying to determine who struck Billy Paterson. They will capture the assailant on

Conclusion

the same day the doctors decide how this John Doe they now call Rheumatism came to strike the human race. The pill that will be the warrant for his arrest will be worth one billion dollars to the patentee, if he be a quack, or fame worth that amount to any physician, and health worth ten times that to a million men and women. They can't make me believe they have found it, though, nor can they convince my fellow sufferers that the real solvent has been discovered until we see the grass upturning the mosaic floors of drug stores, the patent medicine factories closing down, the "before and after taking" portraits disappearing from our newspapers, and nearly all the doctors making up for lost trade by practising dentistry in the afternoon, or going in for surgery and the thrice guilty appendix, which no competing pill can ever loosen from its socket.

FINIS

